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DAWN IN MID-APRIL.

Dawn with her galloping horses is over
the hill.

Leading the triumph of Day;
Look how the heaven is paved with
roses, and still
Roses grow out of the gray.

See how the glittering lances are
searching the glens,
Setting the daffodil free,
Smoke of the sacrifice rises from for-
ests and fens,
Dancing feet dimple the sea.

Lo!—who hath summoned her?—silent
newcomer of night,
Traveller weary of wing.
Over the river the swallow hangs,
heavy of flight.
Hark! did a nightingale sing?

Just the low prelude—not yet are the
raptures of May.
Leap, happy heart, to the skies!
Earth and the ages are Thine, Thou art
heir of To-day.
Lord till a new lord arise.

F. W. Bourdillon.

BESIDE THE CRADLE.

Sleep, littlest, while I weave a dream
for you
And kiss your little hands with fin-
gers curled
So closely in; the tender bracken fronds
That wake in spring are not more
closely furled.

Dream now. We two go by the stream
that holds
The lovely look of dawn, red sunset
light,
The quivering gold of noon, within its
heart.
And all the steely glamor of the
night.

Ah, littlest! You and I beneath the
trees
That reach in friendship to us as we
pass!
The quirring leaves an ecstasy of song.
A thousand green enchantments in
the grass!

Dream, firstling. Now we come to
where the stream
Is gathered in a pool of water still,
Half bowered in flowering thorns, but
at the end
Is, bare of trees, the little windy hill.

Deep in the pool there lies a mermaid's
crown,
A sea-maid wandered up the stream
one year
But pined to know again the foamy
waves
And wearied of the woodland water
clear.

But while she lingered, to the water's
edge
The dryads came, forsaking each her
tree,
And in the silence magical of night
She whispered to us stories of the
sea.

Dream, littlest. Now the trees enfold
us both
And from the reeds the piping wood-
god calls—
Ah! I have known the forest, dreamed
the sea—
How shall I live content between
stone walls?

Ethel Clifford.
The English Review.

TO THE NIGHT.

Most Holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep
To me, when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And bid the drowsy songs of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears who wakeful lie
Soft lullaby.

Bid them that guard the Hornèd Moon
By my bedside their memories croon,
So shall I have long dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Oh! fold thy wings about my face.
Hide day-dawn from my resting-place
And cheat me with thy false delight.
Most Holy Night.

Hilaire Belloc.

LAW IN THE AIR.

A MOMENTOUS PROBLEM FOR LEGISLATORS.

There can be no doubt but what a very intricate problem is now confronting us regarding the amending and making of laws to regulate that traffic which some of us believe will soon be darkening the air above our heads. But although apparatus has been constructed, tried, and proved successful and under perfect control, wherewith man has been carried through the air for hours on end, yet there are still many who are sceptical as to the probability of aerial navigation becoming a practical means of transport in the immediate future. Believing as I do that this question is one of great importance for our legislators to consider, I will explain why I think it likely to come to the fore so shortly. It may be several years yet before we shall all be going about in "air-cars," but our law-givers must ponder over the matter and devise new laws, and, moreover take means to carry them into effect before that time, else we shall suddenly have presented to us incidents difficult to deal with, and misdemeanors unrecognized by existing laws.

Though it seems hardly to be expected that propelled balloons will become very common, on account of the great expense which must always be incidental to their employment, yet machines of the Wright or Voisin type, involving comparatively little outlay and of so much smaller a size, seem likely soon to become of frequent utility.

Prophecy is a dangerous game to play at, but looking ahead is a most necessary proceeding, so, in the hope that it may convey some hints to those meditating the times to come, I will hazard a forecast of what I believe we may experience in the next few years.

During this year of grace, 1900, I ex-

pect to see new records created with aeroplane machines, and new devices brought forward for their improvement; we may have flights of three or four hours' duration; journeys of over a hundred miles through the air: the Channel will very likely be crossed, and I certainly hope that Englishmen will not be behindhand in producing good appliances.

The year after should show further developments, especially as regards the number of machines. Abroad there may be scores of them; fifty machines of the Wright type are even now supposed to be in course of construction. Exciting races will undoubtedly take place, and cross-country journeys will often be performed. Military machines will certainly be to the fore, and will be attractive features at field-days and reviews. Experience and development are sure to result in the production of more practical appliances, able to stem the gales and to start from any piece of ground.

About the third year from now most people in England will have seen a flyer in the air, and a great many of the more adventurous ones will have made a flight. Aerial racing will have become an established sport, and cross-country journeys will be common. There would probably be thirty or forty machines in England, and they would then be much commoner than balloons are to-day. Cross-channel trips would certainly become the object of the ambition of each novice in turn.

At this rate, in four years time we may be able to say that flying is common. It may perhaps still be looked upon as a somewhat venturesome practice, and among the general community may not be exactly an every-day experience, but most well-to-do people will

have made a trip, and many will own machines and make almost daily runs. It will be "quite the thing" to take your friends for a fly.

And this brings us to the time I wish to portray. It is then that the need of new laws and regulations will have to be adopted. There are several important questions that call for solution. The Rule of the Road in the air must be settled as also the questions as to whether International frontiers are to be respected, and if not, whether universal Free Trade must result. Then comes the subject of the ownership of the air above private property. Finally we must consider the means by which laws may be enforced, and the registration and identification of aerial machines carried out.

Aerial navigation by means of machines on the aeroplane principle ought, despite what is often said to the contrary, to be a very safe mode of locomotion. Ignorant people conjure up possible disasters which in reality are very unlikely to occur. For a machine to *collapse* in mid-air is extremely improbable when experience has taught us the requisite strength of the various members. It is no more likely than that a motor-car or a railway-train should fall to pieces; indeed, considering the shock and strain which these latter have to withstand in travelling on the ground, much less likely. A *stoppage of the engine* ought to have no bad effect beyond the possibility of an awkward landing should the ground underneath at the moment be unsuitable, since the large spread of surface allows the plane to glide down gently to earth. *Running into trees or buildings* could only be due either to a breakdown of the steering gear, again dependent on proper construction, or to bad steering on the part of the steersman. The capability of the aeronaut is undoubtedly of great importance. A mishap in the air, when it does occur, is lia-

ble not only to have very serious consequences for the machine and its occupants, but may also do considerable damage to persons and property below. It will therefore be very necessary to establish certificates of competency, which would probably be issued by the Board of Trade or such other body.

The only other accident that seems likely to result in serious consequences is *collision* with another machine. This must be provided against by careful provisions of the Rule of the Road in the air. On a terrestrial highway when two vehicles meet the necessary action is simple enough; both must go either to the right or to the left. But as applied to aerial machines there is a difficulty even here, for in some countries the rule is to go one way, in others the opposite. The laws for aerial navigation must be universal.

With marine vessels the matter is more complicated than on the road, since ships meet not only end on, but frequently at an angle. The same will occur in the air, and in fact the cases are so similar that it would seem undoubtedly the simplest plan to apply maritime rules as far as they apply. Steering in a vertical direction may be used with airships, but at present it seems impossible to lay down laws regarding this, and the right and left movement should be sufficient at first. The actual application of such rules must be so dependent upon the practice and methods that it seems hardly possible at the present juncture to say much more. Let maritime laws be complied with until other modifications are found to be desirable.

International Frontiers.—Hitherto international frontiers have been fixed by natural divisions of land and water such as the sea coast or river bank, or else when such do not exist by artificial fences or clearly defined strips of ground. Such lines of demarcation are not easily crossed by those who

wish to do so unseen and without interruption. But in the air it is different. Here no natural boundaries exist, nor can artificial obstructions be erected so as to be insurmountable by airships. We are then called upon to answer a most vital question. Are aeronauts to be allowed to traverse these frontiers without let or hindrance or must they descend at frontier stations to report themselves? If the former, many laws and regulations now in force would be affected. Those regarding passports, alien immigration, and the like would be seriously upset, but these are, perhaps, of no such very great importance; they are easy to evade as it is by those who like to run the risk, and the chance of heavy penalties for non-compliance with them might form a sufficient deterrent. But a far more serious matter is that of the collection of Customs. Even supposing it were not practicable to convey large cargoes of goods, and there is no good reason why this should not be done some day, still it would undoubtedly be possible to carry parcels of 100 pounds or so. If such an amount can be taken through the air free of duty, it would manifestly have to be allowed equally to land travellers. Considering, too, the rapidity and ease with which machines are likely to travel, they could be employed continually going to and fro over the frontier, and so transporting large quantities of dutiable goods.

Either Customs must be entirely done away with (except possibly as regards heavy and bulky goods, such as coal or corn) or we are faced with the second alternative, that is that all aerial vessels must descend at the Custom houses to declare their cargo. Though in the ordinary way it might be possible to enforce this by the imposition of severe penalties on any one detected in evading it, yet so great would be the opportunities for smug-

gling, especially in the dark or in misty weather, that it would without doubt be easy to ply the nefarious trade. The air-going smuggler would not be bound, as with his maritime prototype to land at a favorable spot on the coast; he could travel far inland before disembarking. Smuggling would undoubtedly become so lucrative an enterprise that it would become common and almost impossible to entirely prevent. To allow frontier guards to fire on all machines attempting to cross would hardly do, since the crossing might often be accidental. If, on the other hand, blank charges were fired to warn the aeronaut to come down, they would not have the desired effect on the "gun-runners" travelling at a very rapid pace and risking the effect of a second shot which could not be sent for some seconds after the warning. Then, again, the airships might, conceivably, pass high overhead and out of shot, or could pass unobserved in the night. The very idea of such frontier guards, too, seems almost impracticable; they would have to be posted at every few hundred yards along the entire frontier. It has to be remembered, too, that the crossing of a frontier does not necessarily imply that the vessel is going to descend in the country it approaches. For instance, a British machine going to Germany might want to cross over parts of Belgium and Holland.

Altogether, it seems as if it would be impossible to enforce any law as to machines being compelled to descend at a frontier, and this implies that Customs, in the main, will have to be abolished.

But this simple statement that Customs must in future be dispensed with, involves a matter of the most supreme importance. As regards Great Britain, our revenue from imports amounts to something like £33,000,000 per annum, and if we wipe out this sum with one

stroke of the pen, what are we to substitute in its place?

Here is a point having an important bearing on that great topic of the day—Tariff Reform. As a matter of fact, however, the main arguments of that refer chiefly to wheat, timber, and other imports which are not likely, at first, to be affected by aerial transport. Indeed, it would almost seem that a tax on such commodities would be the solution to the difficulty of being unable to continue the duties on tobacco, spirits, &c.

This is a matter which must not be lightly set aside. The time may come, quite suddenly, when we shall find it impossible to collect dues. As soon as ever machines are constructed capable of crossing frontiers unobserved, a lucrative traffic will spring up, and from that moment the Customs receipts will rapidly dwindle to near zero.

Some, especially those who look upon the innovation as a curse, would suggest levying a heavy and almost prohibitive tax on all aerial machines. This, however, would hamper progress and stultify a promising industry. Moreover, it would necessitate an international agreement, since it would manifestly be suicidal policy for one country to impose a tax on its own machines if other countries did not do likewise.

Private Boundaries.—It has recently been pointed out by lawyers that according to law an Englishman's property extends upwards to the skies. To move through the air above is trespass; to shut out the owner's light is illegal. Yet, though the frequent passage of aerial machines over one's home will certainly be a great nuisance, it seems hardly possible to consider it an offence. That course would make aerial navigation almost an impossibility. And here again the law could never be enforced. Over the vast fields and woodlands of the country, who is there

to prevent the progress of the airships? And, especially if they pass high up in the skies, who could find any valid objection to such traffic? With private gardens and buildings, and with machines skimming along a few feet above them, the case may be different, but where can the line be drawn? How can the aeronaut distinguish between a field, a park, and a garden? Probably no one would object if the track were fixed high up in the sky, but could the exact height be decided? A machine coming down to land may wish to descend gradually, or in rising may not be able to ascend quickly, and there may be other good reasons for wishing to keep low. A limitation of altitude would be quite impracticable without careful observation by means of some special instrument, both on the part of the aeronaut and on that of the landlord or policeman who brings the charge. There would be more hard-sworn contradictions then than with the present speed limit for motor-cars!

Probably if no restriction be put upon the passage of air-cars over private property, some owners would like to construct wire fences on high poles in hopes of mitigating to some extent the evil. Such would no doubt give rise to much bitter feeling and might lead to nasty accidents, so the law must provide a clear pronouncement on this point.

Another important matter to be considered is as to whether an aerial machine should be allowed to land on private ground. It may be easy to pronounce it illegal, but this again would greatly hamper the use of the aerial highway, and there would be very frequent cases of accidental landings. In the case of the latter, or indeed any landings on private property, how can damage done be assessed? If a machine comes down in a field of standing corn it is evident that the aeronaut must pay for any destruction that he

has wrought, yet he cannot be expected to at once hand over whatever the infuriated farmer may choose to ask. Some recognized system of insurance would probably be adopted.

Public landing-places would probably be provided by the municipalities in the vicinity of all towns.

As regards dropping articles from above, another most difficult question crops up. To throw out a piece of paper from an air-car does not seem to imply any very serious infringement of the law, and one could hardly tell whither, in its descent, the paper may travel. Yet it is evident that even bits of paper frequently scattered over a garden, for instance, would form a nuisance, and if this were to go unnoticed larger and heavier articles might likewise be discarded.

Then we must consider the case of enclosed grounds to which the public is admitted on payment, such as racecourses, cricket and football grounds, &c. It will obviously be impossible to prevent aerial travellers from hovering over such and watching the sport without payment. Still this is not likely to become a really serious matter.

Already the question has arisen as to whether aeronauts are at liberty to pass freely over fortifications, arsenals, and similar places hitherto forbidden ground. It would seem almost impossible to prevent them from doing so, and if they chose to take photographs as they pass, they can do so. As in the case of passing frontiers, it would hardly be politic to fire on machines, which may very likely be quite innocent of any prying intent.

In war-time it might be otherwise, but this encroaches upon a subject far too intricate to be gone into here. The conduct of war in the air-travelling period is at present a matter of mere speculation.

Policing the Air.—It is no good making laws without the ability to carry

them into effect, and this is one of the greatest difficulties presenting itself to the would-be legislator of the airway. The answer to all the difficult questions which we have summarized may be said to depend entirely upon the possibility of bringing to book the lawbreakers.

Even supposing a regular service was inaugurated of police patrolling the air in extra swift flyers, they could seldom follow and catch up transgressors, since it would not often be possible to convey the "information" to them in time. There might be some recognized police signal, such as explosions of a "fog-signal," calling on a flyer to descend and report. But even this could easily be eluded.

Without any doubt it will be necessary to register all machines. They must have numbers or other means of identification assigned to them, and this also opens up a difficult problem. In order that the numbers can be discerned when at a great height it would be necessary to make them of a large size. If on the underneath of the planes they would not be visible when the machine was on the ground, and it might be difficult to see which way up they were supposed to be; for instance, whether a number was 8019 or 6108 and so on. In order to identify machines passing low their numbers might also be on their sides or vertical rudders, but it seems impossible to expose large figures to be visible from in front or behind, since any extensive surface would add so greatly to the resistance. By night, too, it would not be easy to arrange for the visibility of large numbers. Since it is probable that machines would frequently be passing from one country to another, some international arrangement would have to be come to to distinguish the nationality of the car. This might be solved by the use of the national flag. Considering the difficulty of display-

ing legible numbers, probably one of the best methods would be to introduce signal flags, as with ships. Such designs could be painted on the planes or other parts, and would be easily discernible. They would moreover, unlike ugly numbers, only add embellishment to the beauty of these graceful gliders. By a code of four or five flags with the national ensign at one end, every machine could be recognized. These might even be made

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transparent, so that, illuminated at night, they would always be visible though non-compliance with the rule could not be detected.

A question that must soon be decided is as to who will be responsible authority for this registration and policing of aerial traffic, and for the certificates of competency. Shall it be the Board of Trade or the Home Office or will a new and separate Board have to be created?

B. Baden-Powell.

THE FUTURE OF CONSTITUTIONAL TURKEY.

Nothing could be more characteristic of the mental attitude of the Western world than the self-complacency with which we look upon Asia. It would seem as if the prosperity of young Europe, in comparison with old Mother Asia, has so turned our heads that we firmly believe ourselves to be the only elect people of God, to whom the monopoly of authority has been given over all the earth. We alone, we think, have the right to be mighty and free, and the rest of humanity must be subject to us and never taste of the golden fruits of liberty.

Such thoughts arise in us as we read in the daily press the doubtful and pessimistic views with which the awaking of Persia and Turkey is regarded.

What!—so is the cry—Turks and Persians want a constitution and a Parliament? Orientals *pur-sang* presume to wish to partake of the liberty enjoyed by Western nations? In the ancient stronghold of Asiatic despotism and fossilized autocracy, Dame *Liber-tas* would hold her triumphant entry? Impossible. This can never be. Such and similar remarks are heard on various sides. The following pages may serve to show the error of this view.

We in Europe have become accus-

tomed to look upon Asiatics as slaves and helots to be trampled on, and we forget that our mediæval system of feudalism was far more oppressive than the hardest slavery under Asiatic despots, and that Eastern nations only suffer from their tyrannical governments in the countries where clumsy religious fanaticism has encouraged ignorance, and the anarchical conditions have favored pauperism and reduced humanity to a state of dull submission. These evils have increased in the same proportion as our victorious arms advanced and our commercial superiority crushed the life out of native trade. Absolutism found a productive soil in impoverished Asia, and the misery would have become greater still if a current of air blowing from the Far East had not roused the slumberers and stirred them into consciousness. Japan's extraordinary successes and China's energetic pulling of itself together have had a wonderful effect on the followers of Mohammed's doctrine. The heathen Buddhists, formerly despised as blackest infidels, now appear as shining lights and examples in their eyes. The movement for liberty in Western Asia must be attributed to this vision. Constitutional Government is by no means a new thing in

Islam, for anything more democratic than the doctrine of the Arab Prophet it would be difficult to find in any other religion. It is true that only the first four Caliphs strictly adhered to the text of the Koran and the Sunna, while their successors made the Caliphate into a Sultanate, and sacrificed the spirit of democracy to the personal will of the ruler. Their example appealed particularly to the rulers of Persia and Turkey, the amalgamation of spiritual and worldly power made resistance more difficult, and hence we are face to face with the strange phenomenon that millions of people have for centuries submitted to the despotism, the caprice, the dissipation of their tyrannical masters and allowed themselves to be crushed down into the dust by them.

But this ignominious anomaly could not continue for ever and after Europe had broken her fetters and awakened to a new life, Asia also began to bestir herself, and to realize that her children also had a right to live as free men. When, towards the end of the fifties, I resided at the house of the Division-General Husein Daim Pasha, I noticed the first symptoms of the liberty movement in Turkey. My Pasha, a Circassian by birth, and formerly adjutant to Sultan Mahmud, had first heard of political liberty in his intercourse with Hungarian emigrants, and at once took up the idea, to try whether political liberty could not be introduced just as well in Turkey and the Islamic world. Husein Daim Pasha was a pious enthusiastic Mussulman who never undertook anything without the spiritual advice of wise Mollas and Sheikh Ahmed from Bagdad, who often visited at our house, and had tried to convert me. He was the right man to advise Husein in this matter. A haggard, bare-footed, fanatical Arab he was, with a remarkably piercing eye with which he seemed to look one through and through, and

his erect figure as he firmly strode along will always remain vivid in my mind. He held a conference with the Pasha and other faithful Moslems in one of the inner apartments of the house. I could only vaguely guess at what was going on in this secret conventicle, and it was not till afterwards, when the Pasha had been carried off and imprisoned by a high functionary, that I learned how the threads of the famous *Kuleli* conspiracy had been spun in our house, and that my patron was the leader of it. The idea of the conspirators was to force the Sultan to grant a Constitution, on the grounds that Absolutism as hitherto practised was contrary to the spirit of the Koran, and that the Caliph as representative of the Prophet could not be allowed to commit such a sin.

This first attempt to obtain free institutions and to restrict the power of the Sultan was, of course, nipped in the bud. The idea, however, had taken root, and the number of its adherers grew in the same measure in which anarchy and tyrannical caprice increased, so that even in the reign of Sultan Abdul Aziz all educated young men and many older officials were caught in the stream, and built their hopes on a constitutional régime for the cure of all existing evils. Under the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid the movement had become almost universal, and although he forcibly prevented an outbreak, the explosion took place afterwards with such startling violence that all Europe wondered at the marvellous rapidity with which the insurrection spread, and the unanimous response of the whole nation, while it watched with interest the quiet, unsanguinary proceedings of the revolutionaries. With the downfall of Absolutism, for centuries the ruling power of the East, we in Western lands looked on with curiosity, and people began to query whether a Constitution, a purely Euro-

pean production, could possibly be established in Asia, or whether the whole thing would collapse shortly again.

I have often smiled at the sceptical and malicious conceit of the Westerners in this matter, for surely it would be too childish for us to pretend to believe that in Asia no one has any taste or desire for liberty—that most excellent of all our possessions. This opinion, however, is particularly prevalent in places where Western political aspirations predominate, and where the laws of national psychology are explained according to one's own fancy. Recent experiences show us that such a supposition is entirely false. The Constitution in Turkey caused such a ferment of feverish delight among the Mohammedan population as could hardly be credited of sober, quiet-going Turks. It would seem as if one and all had been waiting and longing for many years for the establishment of Constitutional rights, and had been fully acquainted with this form of Government as it exists in Western lands. Yet this was not the case. The simple Mussulmans had no notion whatever of all this, for to the mind of the lower classes in Asia, tyranny and Government are identically the same; but when they heard that the new form of Government meant freedom their joy was unbounded, and they completely forgot the sufferings and the injustices of past times.

Something of a similar nature took place in Persia, but the latest events there have either not been made known or else misrepresented. The Constitution granted by the sickly but kind-hearted Shah Mozaffareddin was received with joy by the inhabitants of that unfortunate country. The Persians recognized in it the means by which they might be freed from the ancient yoke of bondage, misery and depravity. The whole aspect of things had suddenly changed. There was a

general awakening out of the profound sleep of lethargy and national gloom, and in spite of all the opposition which the headstrong, self-opinionated and tyrannical Shah Mohammed Ali has brought to bear against the Constitution, the people of Persia will not relinquish their claim for freedom and independence.

The Constitutional Clubs known as *Endjumen* may possibly, partly through over-officiousness and partly from personal motives, have done more harm than good to the Constitution in the early stages of its existence, but this is no reason for us to condemn the liberty movement in Persia and to assume that the Persian people are not worthy of liberty and the nation not yet ripe for Constitution, as has been suggested in certain quarters.

The Iranians have always been among the most intelligent and most gifted people of Asia. The recollection of a thousand years' old culture and national greatness still exercises a mighty spell. Europe may think as highly as it likes of the power of its influence in the Western and Northern districts of the land, but certain it is that this material superiority of West and North can only last for a season. The desire for liberty once awakened in the Persian people can never again be crushed. Sattaur Khan, Samsan ed Dowleh, the Ilkham of the Bakhtiaris and other heads of the revolution are merely the instruments of the awakened spirit of freedom, for Islam will be independent, and will have it proved that the religion of the Arab Prophet does not stand in the way of political liberty or in any way impede the progress of culture and national greatness.

The love of freedom in the Persian people is a striking proof of the awakening of Islam. A stubborn, capricious despot has made up his mind that Absolutism which has brought his country and his people to the brink of per-

dition must be maintained at any cost, even to the final destruction of this ancient race. In this horrible intention he appears to be supported by the political constellations of his European neighbors, who have already in anticipation divided the spoils among themselves. They will have *tabula rasa*, and the deluded despot is helping to make the sharing easy for them. Yet, I greatly doubt whether the accomplishment of the scheme will be as easy as it looks.

The signs of awakening and of increased vitality are far too evident and too genuine for us to be possibly mistaken in them. From Tebris, the chief source and centre of the movement, the revolt against the presumptuous tyrant has spread in all directions throughout the land. Meshhed in the East, Isphahan and Shiraz in the South, have raised the standards of revolt and open resistance against the authority of the Shah. Tradesmen, artisans, clerics, have made common cause, while semi-nomadic Bakhtiars and Lurs leave their hiding-places in the mountains to give armed support to the demands of peaceful citizens.

The provisional end of all this will be a foreign intervention, but it is a delusion for the intervening foreign Power to expect that its authority can be established and maintained for any length of time. It may have been possible in the past, but now it is out of the question, for the Asiatics, whether Mohammedan, Buddhist, or Brahmin, have tasted of the nectar of liberty: our own example has proved to them its miraculous power, and they will not be satisfied until they also have drunk deep from the cup of the gods.

While the Persians in their hard struggle for liberty lack all outside support and encouragement, the Osman nation, more favored by fate, has successfully passed through the first phase of the struggle. Europe, as a

whole, rejoices with the formerly despised and derided Turks. She admires the victor who without spilling of blood has attained his end, and who now quietly and cautiously has commenced his work of reorganization. His task will not be an easy one, considering the heterogeneous elements of which the nation is composed and the mutual feelings of hostility which animate the different religious bodies. It will require an unusual amount of energy, and the success of his undertaking will depend first and foremost upon the political attitude of the West. As regards the internal conditions, if we may judge by the genuine delight which the institution of Constitutional life has created throughout the Osman Empire, and the glad participants of allied and non-aligned Moslem nations in the joyful event, we cannot doubt the fact that the present movement is the expression of a unanimous desire for liberty, and we may take it as a happy omen for the awakening of their still slumbering Islamic brethren in Asia.

The political national unanimity of purpose which of late years has come into evidence, chiefly owing to the widespread circulation of the Moslem Press, first manifested itself in India. The Moslem Hindus, thanks to the civilizing efforts of the English, were initiated into a new world of thought by their foreign Christian masters. They have realized that there are other ideals worth living for, besides those of religion, and that their only chance for obtaining the secretly coveted political and national independence is by the way of modern culture.

Like causes lead to like results in Egypt and among the Moslems of Russia. The nine million Mohammedans of the Nile-lands, who were, so to speak, the first to be elevated by European culture, were as a matter of course unbounded in their enthusiasm at the revival of the Constitution in

Turkey, and although the Turks have never enjoyed much popularity with the Egyptians, at the present moment they all join together in longing for the restored sovereignty of the Constitutional Caliph. The realization of this wish, however, will doubtless be delayed for many years to come, for self-rule will hardly surpass the flourishing state of the country under British rule.

The Russian Mohammedans, i.e. the Tartars, whose national consciousness has first been roused by the Russian Talmi-Constitution, are naturally greatly delighted at the revival which has taken place among their fellow-tribesmen and co-religionists in Turkey, and the Mohammedan faction of the Duma has sent a congratulatory address to the Osman Parliament, the text of which is as follows:-

The Moslem faction of the Russian Duma desires to offer this day, the day of the opening of Parliament, hearty good wishes to their Osman fellow-tribesmen and co-religionists. We congratulate the deputies and through them the whole Ottoman nation on this happy day. We heartily hope that Turkey, awakened to a new existence, may grow and flourish under the protection of freedom. We feel and realize how great must be your joy on this day and it finds an echo in our hearts.

Teukileff.

(President of the Mohammedan faction.)

From India, Java, and Sumatra many similarly worded congratulations have been received. All speak of the joy and the enthusiasm which the success of their co-religionists in the Ottoman Empire has caused them; the personality of Sultan Abdul Hamid becomes particularly prominent, the man who was honored by Hindus and Central Asiatics, even at the time when he was hated by the Turks on account of

the régime of Absolutism, now stands forth in all the glory of a constitutional, liberal-minded sovereign.

Seeing how this sudden change in Turkish politics is exulted in by the Moslem world, and how Europe looks upon it as quite a phenomenal event, we ask ourselves the question in how far this excitement is justifiable, and whether the changed form of Government is likely to bring about a radical transformation in the national aspect of things and in the individual characteristics of the people. This is a most important question from the standpoint of the universal history of culture, and also for the future influence of Europe over the Near East. It is, therefore, well worthy of being thoroughly investigated, the more so as the leading circles of Europe, with regard to Mohammedanism, either labor under gross ignorance or else are so blinded by their own national-political interests that they cannot, or will not, see the true position of things. Since by our example and encouragement a portion of the Oriental community has been led to don the constitutional garment, made after strictly European cut and fashion, it is surely permissible to ask, Will this garment fit the society of Turks, Arabs, &c., grown up among Oriental customs and habits, and, if thus clothed, will they move with more ease than heretofore? I am not prepared to reply to this question with an unqualified "Yes."

The European form of Government is rooted in the soil of a European historical past, and is the result of a series of social and cultural evolutions, which as yet do not exist in the East, and have first to be created. It is still doubtful whether the European régime of liberty will be able to produce among Asiatics a sudden and radical change. They who quote Japan as an example in favor of this view are sadly in error, for in Japan the people, the

national element, has always been an unresisting instrument in the hands of the Daimios, and the great transformation which there took place was the work of the ruling class of the Samurai. In Japan the new institution was not hampered by any hierarchical or exclusive religious tendencies, as has been the case up to now in Near and Central Asia with regard to Islam. Islam is known and famed as being an ultra-democratic religion, and it is only the tyranny and the excessive egotism of the absolute rulers of the Moslem East which have hitherto acted as brakes.

Now, since, with the introduction of the Constitution in Turkey, despotic power is done away with, it may be that with the removal of that obstacle, in all departments of human thought and activity, the spirit of reform will sweep away and utterly destroy all remnants of the old evil practices. This we must hope for. Yet we dare not indulge in any vain illusions, for we have to keep in view how all-powerful and ill-inclusive is the influence of Islam over every emotion and action of life, by its fanatical upholding of the doctrine of future retribution. The pious Moslem must strictly adhere to all the precepts of the Koran and the Sunna, not only in his intercourse with the Deity, but in all the phases and points of everyday life. In dress, in eating and drinking, in walking and riding, in lying and sitting and sleeping, in mirth and in earnest, always and everywhere he has to keep religion before him, and the slightest neglect of any of the precepts referring to these points proclaims him a sinner, if not an infidel. Bearing this in mind—and we must bear it in mind if we are to understand the true position of things—we shall not so lightly look upon the Turkish Constitution as the wonder-working elixir by means of which the old evils in the Ottoman Empire will

abruptly be eradicated, and State and Society made new again. Politicians may nurse this illusion, but the impartial inquirer must before all things respect the truth, and he may not ignore or purposely conceal the enormous difficulties with which the work of regeneration in Turkey is fraught.

To mention just a few of these difficulties. There is, in the first place, the great financial stress and the utter want of means necessary for the introduction of reforms and for the creation of those instruments which are unavoidably necessary for the exploitation of the wealth of the country. As I am told, nearly fifty millions of pounds are necessary for that purpose. Next to this is the *social transformation*, which hitherto has been confined to external matters. Only the outer shell of Oriental life has been touched, the kernel is still intact, and so long as the modern aspect of the world in general has not penetrated into the innermost parts of society there can be no question of a radical cure—*i.e.* an approximation to the society from whose example the sickly East is to draw its salvation. I readily admit that the command of separation from the non-Mohammedan world—legally termed *Elameti tefrikiye*—*i.e.* sign of separation, and which means that Moslems must distinguish themselves from the Christians by external marks—is of comparatively late origin. But this law is still in force, and if, for instance, a Mussulman should wear a hat, he would be declared an infidel by his orthodox co-religionists. In regard to food the same strenuous law is observed and also and particularly it applies to the separation of the sexes. This *noli me tangere*, even in the eyes of the most enlightened Mohammedans, is necessarily one of the chief obstacles to the reform of Moslem society. When Turks who have acquired Euro-

pean culture such as Khalil Halid¹ and Ahmed Riza² (the latter is now President of the Turkish Parliament), in their writings declare themselves in favor of the harem, they apparently do so only out of consideration for their conservative co-religionists; for as long as the seclusion of women is maintained a radical transformation of Moslem society is impossible. In the primitive Islamic law the separation of the sexes was not obligatory. We have it on record that Moslem women have stood at the head of an army, in the pulpit, and have occupied other prominent positions in public life; but long usage and the fossilized conservatism of Orientals in general present almost insurmountable obstacles to any reformatory efforts in this matter. It is worthy of note that in places where the contact between Orientals and Europeans has been closer, the harem laws are already less strictly observed. Mohammedan writers from India and South Russia have expressed themselves very candidly about this matter, and boldly advocate the abolition of the harem. The Moslem women under Christian dominion have on several occasions pleaded for equal rights with men; and, not to mention occasional newspaper articles by Tartar women, a Moslem lady in Cairo quite recently delivered a noteworthy speech on the occasion of a festival in connection with the liberty movement. This lady, Madame Ferid, the daughter of the Adjutant of the late Redjeb Pasha, rightly suggested that with the revival of the Constitution the ancient bondage of Moslem women ought to cease, since it is historically proved that in olden times women took an active share in literary, educational, and scientific pursuits; and she insisted that without the emancipation of

women a healthy reform in Islam society could not be carried out. Madame Ferid expressed very sound views about woman's influence on the education, culture, and character of men, and her address was listened to with much attention.

I can well imagine with what horror the orthodox conservative Moslems would read this speech. It is not so very long ago since the Sultan ordered a company of learned men to consult together about the color of the *Feredje* (cloak), the thickness of the veil, and the shape of the shoes to be worn by women. Turkish women were strictly prohibited from visiting European shops; and now a Madame Ferid stands up to deliver an address before a male audience! Preposterous! Maybe, but there is no help for it. The unnatural separation of the sexes must be put an end to if the restored constitution is to have any salutary influence on social life.

The reform of education goes hand in hand with the reform of social conditions, and more especially that branch of it which is concerned with the simplification of the language and the separation between religious and secular instruction. The Ottoman language in its present form is useless for the instruction of the masses. Considering that a Turk of good birth can only know the literary language of his own country after many years of study—for to understand it he has first to learn Arabic and Persian—a general distribution of knowledge in that tongue is necessarily out of the question. There is hardly a Turkish farmer, artisan, or tradesman who can understand a well-written newspaper article and strictly scientific works are, of course, altogether beyond the scope of the public. The task which the reformers have set themselves is therefore a very serious one, but the wall which still separates the educated from the masses will

¹ "The Crescent Versus the Cross," by Khalil Halid. London, 1907, p. 113.

² "La Crise de l'Orient," by Ahmed Riza Bey. Paris, 1907, p. 117.

soon be pulled down. The promoters of progress in Moslem Asia have noted with pleasure the zeal of the Russian Mohammedans in their attempts to solve the problem. A Crimean man, the well-known Mr. Ismael Gasprinski, introduced the so-called *Ussul-i-Sautie* (vocal method), and has thereby considerably lightened the task of teaching children to read; by this method also universal knowledge has been made more accessible. One can imagine what a storm of indignation this innovation created among the orthodox conservative Mollas. For years the battle has raged; in Bokhara, that stronghold of fanaticism, it rages still, but in many places, even in the Steppes, the method is now accepted. Gradually the Turkish language is being simplified and the road to culture opened. Under British dominion public instruction in India has a brilliant future in store; but in Afghanistan, for instance, there is constant warfare between Emir Habibullah and the fanatical Mollas. Dr. Abdul Gani, who received his education in England, and at the invitation of the Emir undertook the management of the Habibia College founded by him, was constantly in danger of his life. Only now, since some of the Mollas have been punished and made examples of, the new system of education is beginning to be respected. The constitutional Government of Turkey will have to be very energetic in this matter; and this will be the easier as the system of education has existed for some time in the Rushdie and Idadie schools, where it only needs more care.

No less difficult than the two former problems is the instruction of reform in the *political administration*. If the Christian States of Europe can only with the greatest difficulty keep together and govern an ethnically disjointed political body how can this be accomplished in a State where, besides the ethnical differences, the poison of

religious antagonism frustrates all attempts at agreement? Midhat Pasha, an enlightened, patriotic man, expected more from the collective name of *Osmanni* than it has proved to possess, for up to the present no Christian Armenian, Greek, or Syrian, and no Moslem Arab or Kurd, has shown himself proud of the name; nor is he likely to bear it in the future, for the idea of nationality, which with us is beginning to lose its charm, is only just beginning to wake up in Asia—that is to say, in those circles where the idea of nationality and the struggle for independence are inextricably connected.

In view of these facts, it seems likely that isolated national fragments will band together and in time claim the same privileges which the States of the Balkan peninsula have wrested from the Osman Confederation. This, however, will depend entirely on the vitality of the constitutional régime. No great hopes can be entertained in this respect, as even as early as the first sittings of the Turkish Parliament nationalistic tendencies were brought in evidence. The time is long since past in which political States can be reconstructed into national States; and in Asia such a transformation would be even more difficult than elsewhere. If the Asiatic possessions of the Turkish Empire were of a stable and regular character—*i.e.* if the heterogeneous national elements of which they are composed were thoroughly settled and led a peaceful life—many difficulties might perhaps be overcome; but unfortunately this is not the case. From Bayazid to the Persian Gulf and from the borders of the Tigris to Diarbekir and Orfah, as far as the frontier district of Damascus, the population consists of wholly or semi-nomadic Kurds and Arabs, who will have nothing to do with settled conditions of life, with agriculture and peaceable occupations, and who, in fact, are more loss than

profit to the Government. To establish some kind of order among these wondering tribes, to force them into a settled life, is a task which will take many years to accomplish and require the most able management. What the Russians in the Trans-Caucasus and the French in South Algeria have thus far failed to do will be still harder for Turkey to bring about in its Eastern possessions.

These points far from exhaust the list of difficulties which constitutional Turkey has to face, and the question arises: Is Turkey fit to undertake the work? In order to answer this question, let us see what are the materials at her disposal; and here we are obliged to speak of what is called *Young Turkdom*. We in the West are apt to look upon the Young Turks as a political party or a secret revolutionary confederation which has suddenly made its appearance on the scene of action, and, after the manner of European revolutionaries, attacks the Government and overthrows everything. This view, however, is not correct, as is evident in the case of the previously mentioned *Kuleli* conspiracy. The beginning of Young Turkdom dates back to the early fifties of last century, when Zia Bey, Shinassi Efendi, and other modern-minded patriots began to realize the necessity of radical reforms in State and society. The originally small company soon increased and as they were in opposition to the conservative elements, the younger and more fiery members of the faction soon had to quit the country, and took refuge abroad as political refugees; while those who remained behind and conducted themselves quietly secretly propagated the revolutionary spirit. The strength and importance of the party grew in proportion to the anarchical, senseless, and tyrannical exploits of the Hamidle régime, and when later on, the approach of the final

catastrophe was feared, and the army also joined the Young Turks, the reign of Absolutism came to an end, and the Sultan, to whom the word liberty had always been a terror, was compelled to proclaim the constitution and inaugurate a condition of things which in the beginning of his reign he had fought against with all the means at his disposal.

The surprise of Europe at the unexpected changes which took place in Turkey was, therefore, the result of ignorance of what had gone before. Not merely a political party but rather the whole Turkish nation, with very few exceptions, belongs to Young Turkdom. Every one who feels Turkish and speaks Turkish is a Young Turk, and the difference lies only in the fact that some of them, a comparatively very small number, for a season have had to eat the bitter bread of exile. They have now returned to join the majority which remained behind and secretly furthered the cause. The former, who have suffered more for the cause of freedom than the latter, enjoy certain privileges. They also act as leaders in the "Committees for Unity and Progress"; but, fully conscious of their minority, they have left the reins of government in the hands of the able patriots who stayed behind, in order that by their efforts the constitution might be successfully established. In Europe these "committees" have been regarded with suspicion, as if there were some mysterious element at work in them; and, among others, to the committee at Saloniki some extraordinary power has been attributed. All these surmises, however, have been very exaggerated. The repatriated exiles and the patriots at home thus far hold closely together. Reactionary attempts like that of the half-demented Kor Ali (blind Ali), or of the Bond of the Extremists Fedaklaran (*i.e.* Ready for Sacrifice), under the leadership of

Prince Sabah-ed-din, are not to be taken seriously, and will do no harm.

As long as the before-mentioned two sections of the Turkish patriots will work together in harmony and good understanding, there is no danger in store for a happy development of the nation. But as soon as the much-needed unity gives place to personal dissensions all hopes of a revival of Turkey will vanish at once. It is for this reason that the recent fall of Kiamil Pasha is to be highly regretted. I have enjoyed the favor of his personal acquaintance for many years, and I am sure there is no second to him in statesmanship, patriotism and purity of character. The Young Turks ought not to forget that the success of their revolution is greatly due to the co-operation of those liberal compatriots who remained at home, and that the young men who returned from exile uninited in the administration, in diplomacy and in nearly all the branches of public life could have hardly formed a government without the assistance of the leading liberal statesmen at home. The Young Turks, by forcing their way to the front, have already given cause for complaint on the part of many of the old civil servants, who say "Patriotism alone does not qualify anybody for the post of a minister or ambassador." This kind of bickering is as yet going on behind the scenes, but it might increase and endanger the situation,

The recollection of the terrible time of the reign of Absolutism is as yet too vivid, and the danger which threatens the life of the Ottoman Empire is too imminent, to allow of any party quarrels or private interests to be talked of. Young Turkdom and the Osman nation in general, realizing their patriotic duties, ought yet for many years to come to work side by side for the accomplishment of their object. The question now is: Is the power of the constitutional Turks equal to their desire, and

have they at their disposal the strength necessary for the realization of their project? To this question I can reply with a most emphatic "Yes." With the exception of a few foreign leading personalities—as, for instance, in the departments of Finance and Customs, in the Post Office, and the Marine—the Turkish State can have at its disposal the services of able, well-informed, and zealous officials, on the understanding that they are suitably and regularly paid, which has not been the case so far; and it is in consequence of this latter evil that officials have had to resort to extortion and constraint. The present-day Turk differs vastly from his ancestor in the first half of the past century, for of all his co-religionists in Asia and Africa he is by far the most accomplished and the most advanced in our culture.

The modernization of the schools dates back thirty years; the present generation gives distinct proofs of a modern turn of mind, and now, since the régime of liberty and patriotism has been gradually transforming the Oriental character, we are justified in expecting that the canker which undermined the Turkish administration will soon be removed, and with the rejuvenescence of the factors of the administrative body the State itself will also become young again. It certainly seems too bold an undertaking if we persist that the familiar dark side of Asiatic nature, the outcome of many centuries of despotic rule, is suddenly to be transformed with the commencement of the reign of liberty and progress. Negligence, laziness, and weak morality cannot all at once give place to conscientiousness, zeal, and integrity. The leaders of the present movement are comparatively few in number, and great is the company of those who need enlightenment and culture. But if our rulers really desire to show Young Turkey the sympathy which

they profess to feel for them, they must before all things show patience, indulgence, forbearance. The conditions in Turkey cannot be changed in a moment. An entire nation can only by slow degrees pass from one form of culture into another, and, however gifted and desirous they may be, they can only go over the road step by step. All extravagant expectations are vain and unprofitable. Turkey will need at least two decades to accomplish the transformation which Europe looks for at the hand of Young Turkdom. Absolute peace and quietness are, of course, a first necessity for bringing the work of reform to a satisfactory conclusion, and since the peace and quietness of the Near East depend mainly on the attitude of the European Powers, the success or the failure of the constitutional movement in Turkey rests in reality with our European Cabinets. If the Near East is to continue to be what it has been for the last three hundred years—the wrestling-ground for the intrigues of the diplomatic West; if by continuous and useless interference disorder is caused in the still loose joints of the constitutional structure; or if by forwarding individual interests the seed of discord is sown afresh and the work of reformation impeded—then all our hope for better things will end in delusion.

If to-day all Western Europe rejoices with the Turks and congratulates them on the successes achieved by them, it must be remembered that what has been attained can only be profitably applied if we help the brave

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Turkish people in their struggle by every means at our disposal, instead of taking from under their feet the very basis of true progress and development by our everlasting fight for precedence. It has now to be proved in good earnest whether it is our intention to keep alive in the Near East the constant fear of a universal conflagration, or whether we mean to banish from our political horizon the dreaded phantom which already has caused so much trouble and harm. Now is the decisive moment, and now it will be shown whether Europe is for peace or for war.

As matters stand to-day, any inimical bearing against Turkey is almost everywhere excluded. Even Russia, the historical enemy of the Ottoman Empire, betrays friendly feelings and is ready to support the new constitutional era. How long this favorable situation will last, nobody knows. It is, however, necessary to prevent any too sanguine expectations concerning the present period of transition in Turkey. We have but to remember the high-going tide of sympathy for Turkey before and during the Crimean War, when David Urquhart published his *Spirit of the East*, and to bear in mind the utter disappointment which resulted from finding that Turkey did not become at once civilized. Public opinion fell from one extremity into another, and it is in order to forestall any unjust criticism that the foregoing lines have been written.

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SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

X.

The interview with his father, when at last it did take place, was a very frosty business. The King sat cross-legged on a mat at the far end of his hall of audience, a great oblong building, open to the air on three sides, its verandah raised some eight feet from the ground, and fringing two tiers of platform. The princess and nobles of the Court, sitting on one or another of the tiers, according to their rank, squatted immovable, with elbows on knees, hands clasped in their laps, backs bowed, and their eyes glued to the face of the King. They formed a sort of horse-shoe, and the Sultan had his place between and a little beyond the two horns.

The monarch was older and fatter than when last Saleh had seen him, and was dressed in an absurd assortment of brilliant colors, while a yellow cap, much too small for him, perched crazily upon his shaven scalp. His face, with its small eyes and the loose rolls and creases of flesh, resembled that of a fat but rather fierce hog. He breathed heavily, and his upper lip bulged over an immense wad of shredded tobacco, red with areca-nut juice.

Saleh, who had been carefully drilled in his part by the anxious inmates of his mother's house, and had been forced, sorely against his will, to don for the occasion full native costume, clambered clumsily up to the top platform, and squatted cross-legged opposite to his father, the whole length of the hall dividing them. The King did not so much as spare him a glance. Saleh felt as though he were dressed for a fancy ball, and was going through a set of laboriously acquired tricks like a performing dog. His

hands shook as he laid them palm to palm in his lap, and raised them so that the thumbs rested against his forehead. Then he shuffled up the carpet a few yards and repeated the operation. He was uneasily conscious that his progress was a sadly awkward affair, and that the courtiers were watching him critically with the tails of their eyes. Again he shuffled forward, sweating with embarrassment and agitation, and again he raised his hands in the salute. He was quite close to his father by this time, but neither by word nor sign did the old man give any token that he was aware of his son's approach. There were real tears of mortification in Saleh's eyes as he bent at last to kiss the King's knee. Still no notice of any kind was taken of him, and he shuffled, still maintaining his sitting posture, to a point at the end of the right-hand tip of the horse-shoe of courtiers.

The King rolled slowly, as though turning upon his axis, and addressed a gaily-dressed man who occupied a seat upon the side opposite to Saleh.

"Your servant desireth to go upstream to-morrow to snare doves," he said. The man he spoke to was of royal rank, and the "servant" to whom he referred was the celebrated Che' Jebah. Since she was not a woman of the blood-royal, she was nominally "the servant" of every rāja in the land, though practically most men and women in Pelesu that day were her slaves.

"Majesty," said the man addressed, and forthwith a slow trickle of talk began to flow on the subject of decoy doves, their points and their records. Saleh felt chilled to the core. What a welcome, what a home-coming to his father's house was this!

At last, when the subject of decoy doves began to show signs of running dry, the King turned abruptly to Saleh and fired a question at him, using the vocative, and something of the manner which a Malay generally employs when addressing a dog. Saleh was startled, hurt, and offended, which was a pity, for if he had been bred in Malaya instead of England he would have known that he had no cause for indignation. Most Malay rājas pet, caress, and indulge their children in a quite extravagant fashion so long as the days of childhood last, but adopt a certain truculent brutality of manner toward them so soon as the boys become transformed into men. This, it is felt, is necessary, if paternal authority is to be preserved and it is often salutary since no one save the King himself dares treat a cubbish young prince with the withering contempt and blistering frankness which the health of the souls of such gentry commonly demands. If the whole trend of your education has taught you to gratify, not to restrain, your passions, it follows that violent methods are necessary if you are to be by any one controlled, and it is in this fact that the Malayan rāja's bearing toward his sons finds its justification; but Saleh, poor fellow, had not been brought up in the haphazard fashion that prevails at a Malayan Court, and to him his father's manner was sheer outrage.

"Heh, you there! You know nothing about doves, I suppose?"

Saleh saluted hurriedly.

"Nothing, Majesty," he stammered.

"And very little about language and religion?"¹ You sit cross-legged in ungainly fashion, and your tongue speaks with a bad accent. Yet you have been to the white men's country, they tell

me. What then did they teach you there if you know nought about such simple things as decoy doves?"

"I learned all manner of things out of books," faltered poor Saleh. "Also what is fitting and what is not fitting according to the codes of the white men."

"And yet," said the King disapprovingly, "you salute clumsily. Did they not even teach you the manners that befit an inmate of a Court over yonder in the land which lies above the wind?"

Saleh hung down his head. He despaired of being able to make his father understand the nature of the things of which a knowledge had been imparted to him during his sojourn in England.

"It is a long way off, is it not? Heh, you there! It is a long way off, is it not?"

"Yes, Majesty," said Saleh.

"Is it as far away as *Kāyang-an*—as fairy-land?" asked the King.

Saleh smiled. He took this question to be a royal jest.

"What are you grimacing at, you there? Are your ears deaf? Is it as far away as *Kāyang-an*?"

Saleh looked around in bewilderment.

"There is no such place as *Kāyang-an*," he blurted out at last.

The wrath of the King was instantly tremendous, and threatened forthwith to become apoplectic. His voice rose to a roar, and broke discordantly upon a high note.

"What profits it to say such things?" he cried. "What meaneth it that you, you whose age is barely a year of maize, come hither and tell me—me—that there is no such place as *Kāyang-an*? There always has been such a place, the books are full of brave tales concerning it, and you—you who say that you have learned much out of books—tell me that there is no such place! It seemeth to me that you are

¹ *Bhāṣā ugama*, literally "language and religion," conveys a far more comprehensive meaning than the words themselves imply. The phrase means manners, carriage, behavior, conversational style, &c.

vainly striving to display cleverness! No *Kâyang-an*, forsooth! Heard ye ever the like?" He turned to the assembled courtiers. "Do ye hold with this young jackanapes that there is no such place?"

"No, Tuan-ku," the obsequious chorus made answer. "It is very certain that there is such a place, even as thy Majesty sayeth."

"And how far is it from the white men's lands which lie above the wind?" asked the King.

The courtiers looked at one another inquiringly, and then one of them, a great authority on such matters, answered with the gravity which the royal question demanded.

"The white men's country," he said, "is distant a matter of a month and a half in a ship—about twice as far as Mecca. *Kâyang-an* must be at least as far away again, for the books say that it is "more distant than the eye can see, farther than a horse can gallop, even farther than a bird can fly without falling exhausted." *Kâyang-an*, Majesty, according to thy servant's reckoning, must be more than twice as distant as the white men's country. It would take approximately three to three and a half months to get there."

The King turned triumphantly to Saleh.

"See there!" he roared. "That be good talk! And you would have us believe that there is no such place! Ya Allah, Muhammad! Even in the matter of book-knowledge it seemeth that you are sadly deficient."

Saleh saluted in silence. Self-satisfied ignorance such as this was, he felt, something with which it were vain for him to attempt to compete.

"And in the white men's land the people are without manners, decency, or morals," continued the King dogmatically. "You lived there many years, and your manners obviously

have suffered thereby, but you noticed that things are as I have said—eh?"

"No, Majesty," faltered Saleh. "I noticed nothing of the kind."

The courtiers gazed at him with astonishment. There must be a fine blending of madness and audacity in one who made bold thus to differ with the King.

"What?" roared the monarch, rolling about grotesquely in the extremity of his wrath. "You have certainly learned to lie. It is not fitting to tell such things to me. Not noticed such things, forsooth! Do not the men wear trousers without any waist-cloth to cover them from thigh to belt? Do not the women wear garments that fit their bodies so closely that they might as well be nude? Do not these same women bare their necks and their breasts shamelessly in the evenings, and thereafter consort unblushingly with men—men who are not even bound to them by ties of kindred? Do not the white folk have orgies which they name '*dânsing*', when the men, to the encouragement of music, embrace the women indiscriminately, this man with the other's wife, this youth with some neighbor's daughter? Do they not, when the '*dânsing*' is over, retire, two by two, to certain dark places prepared for the purpose, there to make love, while the husbands and the brothers of these shameless women lift no finger to prevent the scandal? And you have noticed none of these things! Perhaps you will tell me that they are like *Kâyang-an*,—that they have no existence!"

"Such practices prevail, Majesty," faltered poor Saleh. "But indeed there is no harm—such as . . ."

The King cut him short with a roar.

"No harm, you say! No harm, forsooth! Ya Allah! Would you make my eyes blind? Are not these folk men and women? Then how can there be no harm? No, it is as I said.

In the white men's land there are no manners, no decency, no morals. Is it not so?"

And again the courtiers spoke in chorus—

"It is very certainly so, O Majesty!"

Saleh had no word to say. Explanation, he felt, was hopeless. He was paralyzed by the patent impossibility of making his father regard these things from his, from the Englishman's, standpoint; and stated as the King had stated them, even the most innocent practices sounded like damning proofs of the truth of his assertions aenent the depravity of white men. Yet he longed to defend his friends, to vindicate the honor of the race which numbered Alice Fairfax among its daughters, and it seemed to him that there was something grotesque in such a condemnation being pronounced upon it here, in the Court of Pelesu, of whose happy-go-lucky lack of morals he had already obtained more than a passing glimpse.

"And you," continued the King brutally,—"you, I suppose you have danced with these shameless women, eh?"

"I have danced with English ladies, and I am very fond of dancing," said Saleh sulkily.

"I make no doubt of it," said the King unpleasantly, and the chorus of courtiers echoed the royal laughter.

"But . . . but . . . really it is not as thou thinkest, Majesty: there is no evil in it."

The King spat out a coarse vernacular proverb that made Saleh's cheeks burn with indignation, and again the ready laughter of the courtiers greeted the witticism of their monarch.

His facile victory over his son had put the Sultan by now in an excellent humor with himself and with all the world, a fact which was proved by his proceeding to relate a number of anecdotes, every one of which was of a character more or less unpublishable, designed to illustrate the soundness of

his contentions aenent the frailty of human nature. Saleh, as he listened, was astonished to find that these appalling tales were robbed of the major portion of their offence by the fact that they were being told in the vernacular. He tried mentally to translate one of them into English words, and the result fairly took his breath away! Yet the story-teller was his own father who but a moment since had been pointing the finger of scorn at Saleh's English friends for what he held to be their notorious and shameless immorality! The tangle and topsy-turvydom, the crooked vision and the distorted travesty of the truth which result from looking at the West through the eyes of the East, and of judging the Oriental from the standpoint of the European, were impressing themselves upon Saleh's understanding in a bewildering fashion. It appealed to him as a hopeless task, no less, to attempt to unravel such a surprising confusion of cross-purposes.

Presently men trooped into the hall bearing great trays of sweetmeats, and Saleh was gruffly bidden by the King to share his dish with him. He partook of these delicacies with difficulty, for their luscious sweetness sickened him, but he felt that his startled ascent was justified when the King, in a bullying voice, told him that such dainties could not be produced in England.

Very soon after these abominable refreshments had been disposed of, the King retired, and Saleh was conducted back to his own quarters. He went feeling like one who has just received a severe and public whipping, and he noticed that the more prudent of his father's courtiers gave him a wide berth. In his mother's household there was weeping and wailing that night, and Tungku Ampuan rated and scolded him for an hour on end. It was held that Saleh, in his first interview with the King, had not acquitted himself well.

MODERN ANTIQUES.

Not a year, we might even say a week, passes but complaints are uttered by purchasers of antiquities that what was believed genuine has proved but a skilful fake, and attempts, usually futile, are made to recover heavy sums. The history of this lucrative, flourishing trade is interesting, full too of tales of misplaced ability that at times borders upon genius. I propose to touch the fringe of this vast theme. I say the fringe advisedly, for the subject is taking huge proportions. Thus on the comparatively narrow theme of prehistoric falsifications a fat volume has lately been issued by Mr. Robert Munro, while M. Paul Eudel, to whom I am much indebted for invaluable hints, has collected instances of every species of fraud in his book *Le Truquage*. And this literature is increasing. Still it must be said in fairness even to the forgers (for such these men too often are), that the chief blame must be borne by the public for their credulity, their anxiety to attain the unattainable. Despite millionaires there are still a few things money cannot buy, though they will not believe it. It is they who are largely to blame for the very thing they deplore. Why do not people apply to the buying of antiquities the common sense they apply to their business? Does a musician imagine he can run a railroad, a railroad magnate that he can direct an orchestra, a brewer that he can conduct a legal case, a lawyer that he can manage a vineyard? Yet where art is concerned all are connoisseurs, every man is ready to pass a verdict. "I would rather trust my own judgment about pictures than that of any expert," I heard a man say who, till he made his pile, had never lifted his head from his account book and whose acquaintance with art was limited to the oleographs

and colored advertisements of his western wilds. Such a person deserves to be taken in, one almost feels inclined to say. To them (and it is they who cause the dealers to thrive), when fancy directs them to take to art collecting, should be addressed Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry, "Don't." Or if they like to buy a pretty thing that takes their fancy—and it often is a very pretty thing and made with skill and cunning—let them even pay a fair price for it, for time, thought and workmanship have been expended on its manufacture, but refrain, oh refrain, from designating its author, from attaching to it some name great in story. Then and only then are you certain not to go wrong. For here comes in what I call the lack of elementary common sense. There are, for instance, in Florence alone numbers of shops bearing the significant inscription, "Works of Art and Antiques," whose windows and rooms are crowded, year in year out, with every conceivable object of furniture, *bric-à-brac*, articles *de virtù*, pictures, sculptures, armor and what not beside, all professing to date from the finest epochs of Italian Art and to be the works of the greatest masters. Now though these shops do a roaring business yet their stock in trade never decreases; however much is sold, there is always a fresh supply. Now my good millionaire friend, before you play the part of fly to this most inveigling spider, stop and reflect, apply your business brain and methods to the matter, unfamiliar though it be. Think. Everything in this world is perishable. Pictures fade, crack, blister, porcelain and china break, stuffs become worn, torn or are devoured by moths, iron rusts, marble discolors and chips, ivory splits, even bronze is liable to a dis-

ease that makes it crumble into powder. Yet here is offered a practically complete stock of every species of work of art, and you have but to choose that for which momentary fashion has created demand. Should not this cause a hard-headed business man to pause? Should not he remember first principles, the laws of supply and demand?

Only one comfort let the shorn lamb lay to his soul. This traffic is not new. It is as old as the Pyramids, literally, not metaphorically. It is well known that most of the scarabs and Egyptian souvenirs sold at Cairo and Alexandria are made in Birmingham and Italy, where an enormous trade is done in false Egyptian antiquities, which are buried, and by chemical means made to look older than the old. And so skilfully are they executed that not only the tenderfoot is taken in, but Egyptian antiques of this class are found in nearly all Museums, especially those of recent formation, for to the art collector who has arrived upon the scene too late can be addressed Jove's remark to the poet in Schiller's poem, "Wo warst Du denn als ich die Welt vertheilte?" But all this again, I repeat, is not new. In unwrapping mummies, never disturbed since dim distant ages, there have dropped out from among the winding sheets scores of false scarabs apparently of Greek make, from which it is gathered that already then, probably for economy's sake (there is no new emotion under the sun), such emblems were manufactured wholesale and flooded the Egyptian markets. And in more comparatively modern times even the divine Michael Angelo resorted to this device, for in his day as in ours, only the old was esteemed and highly paid. Wherefore, when as a mere youth, he carved his child Hercules, he discolored, chipped and buried it by the advice of a dealer, and thus turned it into an

antique. When unearthed the statue was exhibited as a recently excavated treasure. Cardinal Riario bought it as such. When the fraud was discovered Cesare Borgia, the acute, thought to do a little deal of his own. He rebought it of Michael Angelo on whose hands it was returned, and when the sculptor's fame had grown as Cesare foresaw, he resold it to the Duke of Urbino, from whose collection after many vicissitudes it wandered to Turin.

Indeed, in the Renaissance, when like to-day there was a craze for antiquities, their counterfeiting was common. Nor was the trade confined to clever artisans. Great artists were not above endeavoring by such means to turn more or less honest pennies or to play with and test the connoisseurship of their friends. When Raphael's portrait of Leo X. was lent to Cosimo del Medici he was so enamored of it that he ordered Andrea del Sarto to make a copy, which deceived even Giulio Romano into believing it the original, though he himself had helped in painting that original. To this day it is disputed whether Cosimo ever returned the original or whether the picture now at Naples is not Andrea's copy.

Nor are these wonderfully accurate copies, reproduced with the marvellous care that distinguishes the commonest Chinaman, who in copying a dress puts in even the darns, necessarily made to deceive. Thus the ablest maker of Renaissance pictures, whose works adorn various galleries under good names, was long unaware of the traffic carried on with his productions. There lived in him a Renaissance soul, by atavism his fingers turned out pictures *à la Lippi, Botticelli, Mantegna*, and he sold them for trifling sums to interested amateurs, little dreaming to what uses they would be put. Indeed so ingenuous was this good soul, who lived

but in his studio and his dream world, that he would chat freely of his processes and ask visitors to drop in and see how, for example, his Botticelli was getting on, inviting criticisms. It is said that a Mantegna, for which he was paid four pounds, hangs in a public gallery of Italy where it was bought, however, for a far higher figure, as the cracks, must marks and patina had not then been added.

A favorite method of inveigling greenhorns is called in trade slang "to place pictures with a wet nurse." This means that a picture will be lodged temporarily in some peasant's house in a remote district, will perhaps hang in the stables coated with dust. Here some penetrating antiquarian will claim to have discovered it on one of his searching strolls. Under cover of the strictest secrecy, he tells his predestined prey concerning it, carrying him off to see with his own eyes. The peasant interrogated always replies that he did not know the picture was there, or else, yes the picture had hung in that place since he could remember, and so it had hung in his father's father's time, as he had often heard tell, and he had been told too it was a treasure, that he must not part with it, or only for such a sum, naming a considerable figure. This figure is a bargain, the dealer will persuade his prey, and so, generally after a little haggling, and a little reduction, all pre-arranged, the business is concluded and the peasant gets as his share a tiny modicum of the profit.

This game lends itself to infinite variations.

Sometimes genuine old pictures are really discovered in peasants' houses, but rarely in good condition. The peasants have a disastrous trick of rubbing pictures with onions to clean them. By so doing they take off not only the varnish but the precious patina and certain colors, in many

cases leaving only the mere gold background (supposing the picture is of that date), and the more deeply incised lines. These wrecks are eagerly bought for a trifle by art dealers, who employ skilled experts to restore or rather to re-make them on the basis of the original outlines. Such a skilled workman often works for the mere pittance of five francs a day. Of course he is jealously guarded from public ken while he manufactures his wares. As often as not he lives in his employer's house and is kept to his task much as Cosimo guarded Fra Filippo Lippi when he was painting his famous *Madonna* for the Medici house. That these counterfeits are often so excellently made is yet another testimony to Italian atavistic assimilative genius. The Italian seems by instinct to understand the touches, the feelings, of a Trecentista or Quattrocentista, and to reproduce them with sympathetic fidelity. America is full of such pictures whose antiquity often only consists in their composition and the panel on which they are painted.

Pictures of the early period with gold backgrounds and quaint draughtsmanship are regularly manufactured, especially at Siena, where the panels can be seen openly drying before the shop doors. Their foundation is a panel properly worm-eaten and chemically aged, painted on the gesso ground that was the basis for all pictures of that epoch, and to which they owe their luminous qualities. Such pictures are often made up out of a number of really old but ruined pictures, and are an ingenious puzzle that require dexterity, taste and knowledge to construct. To avoid falling into this trap, it is best, when buying pictures of the Giottesque epoch, to look for simplicity of composition, since this fabrication is easier to effect with complicated designs than in simple lines and with a paucity of personages.

A favorite test, invariably proposed by picture dealers, is to rub the surface with alcohol because if colors do not run or come away, it is (or used to be) an infallible proof that the picture is so old that colors and varnish have become an integral part. Used to be I say advisedly, for the ingenuity of man, especially in the matter of deceiving his neighbor, is fathomless. For it has been discovered that the natives of Mexico and Brazil slice into strips a certain cactus, making thence a decoction which, if mixed with white or color wash, resists the action of damp. With this mixture the natives color their huts causing them to resist, for longer, the ravages of time. Some enterprising traveller discovered this method and revealed it to Europeans. The art forgers at once made it their own, with the result that a picture painted with this cactus decoction will stand the insidious attacks of chemicals. In this wise another illusion may be laid in its grave.

As to the test of looking at the back of a panel or canvas, to deduce its age, the forger is also ready to meet that practice. Never forget that he is better acquainted with the tricks of the trade than his clients. Thus, by means of a special paste, a modern copy or pastiche of an old master is attached to the canvas or panel of some genuine but worthless old painting bought for a few pence. The concoction is then generally baked in an oven; thus the glue gets incorporated and there are formed those cracks dear to the amateur and which are to him yet another certain proof of age. Wood-ashes, and smoking in various degrees of strength, also furnish a certificate of age, and liquorice juice is as efficacious for curing pictures as for curing coughs. A decoction of liquorice is rubbed carefully over a canvas thus producing that warm golden tint that is the collector's joy. Nor do obstacles such as fly-

specks, the incrustations formed by dust and dirt, daunt the counterfeiter. He has a receipt to meet even these. Thus, to produce fly-specks, a mixture is made of weak gum tinted with China ink or sepia, into this is dipped a fine brush, then standing at some distance the operator flicks the liquid upon the canvas, thereby creating fly-marks that appear Nature's handiwork. If too many are formed this is easily rectified before the liquid has set. In places where the copyist's skill of hand deserts him (though this is rare for these copyists are mostly real artists) he will mess a certain spot on his picture just as an uncertain speller before the typewriter days would judiciously blot a word concerning whose spelling he was doubtful. A damp cloth will then be rubbed over the portion that is to be partly obliterated. The action of the water upon the varnish gives birth to a minute growth of mould, which carefully manipulated imitates to perfection the results that real damp and time might have brought about. Nor are those lines forgotten which in studio slang are known as *pentimenti*, i.e., a contour begun and then modified. Many a great master's work shows such *pentimenti*, and are valued as indexes of his original intentions. Could the forger overlook even this? As to signatures only the greenhorn regards these as proofs of authenticity. There are men who make a specialty of appending signatures. They know all the methods of the Masters, old and new, in signing, and would take in even the authors. A favorite dealer's device is to get this sign placed under some of the mouldy spots of which mention was made above, and, after assuring their client that in their opinion the work is by So-and-So, leave it to him to make the discovery of the signature after he has got his purchase home and has subjected it to a little of that amateur cleaning so dear to a pur-

chaser's heart. Then the dealer triumphs and the client's faith in him is strengthened.

Nor is this trade I repeat modern, nor can its followers be classed as Disraeli classed critics. Not rarely these counterfeiters were themselves good artists. Jacob van Huysum turned out Jan van Huysums a generation after Jacob's death. Constantine Netscher repeated again and again the famous portrait of Charles I., which nearly every public gallery seems to own; Luca Giordano was a past master in counterfeit, and David Teniers the Younger turned out Titians by the score, assimilating the great Master's style with surprising ability. The annals of the great auction rooms in London and Paris would furnish curious reading were the whole truth known, and as it is some of the frauds that have passed through them have given rise to some clamorous recriminations.

In order to avoid being deceived some collectors confine themselves to modern paintings. Here, at least, they say, we are safe. So long as they buy from the artist but not after. The forger meets him almost on the studio threshold. *Fatto la legge trovato l'inganno*, says an Italian proverb, applicable in more departments than those of the law. For instance, Sydney Cooper was so often imitated, so often asked to decide whether a work was from his brush, that at last he charged a regular fee to cover loss of time. I understand there is in Australia an Alma Tadema that Alma Tadema never saw. And there are even those who will not accept the author's own statement. The paternity of a picture nominally by Diaz and bought for a large figure, was uselessly rejected by Diaz himself, the purchaser declaring Diaz did not know what he was talking about. Here indeed is a new case of a man convinced against his will keep-

ing his own opinion still. The Barbizon school seems particularly to have lent itself to counterfeiting. America is crowded with Corots, Courbets, Troyons, Rousseaus, Diaz and others of the epoch.

Picture forging is perhaps the most lucrative branch of this profession, though it is rarely the makers who reap the golden harvest. Prints and drawings are a section also not to be despised. Indeed, since color-prints have come into vogue, they have proved gold-mines, for by clever tinting and stippling, and by the addition of margins put on in a manner that defies immediate detection, poor common copies of these long discarded productions have been placed on the market as specimens of the work of that master who is the fashion of the hour. As for engravings, their value can be enhanced a hundredfold by filling up the spaces of the letters of a copper plate with Spanish white and then pulling off copies that are sold as *avant la lettre*. Or there is another even more lucrative trick that has taken in many a connoisseur. Upon an old plate, carefully retouched, and rebitten in parts, is engraved a so-called Remarque, often one the author never employed. Here is a unique rarity, cries the dealer, and the buyer falls into the trap. Not unfrequently the paper, too, on which the pseudo old engravings are printed has been manipulated up to date, a favorite device being to plunge it in a decoction of coffee (coffee is a most valuable henchman) wherein it derives that hue generally worked by Time. This last trick, however, is easily detected. When buying an engraving of darkish hue of which you feel doubtful, moisten a corner of the paper slightly with your tongue. If the color is artificial a white spot will shortly come to view. Of course the dealer will be furious and vow you have injured his goods,

but at least you will escape tricking, and he is not in a position to go to law. Indeed, to unmask all the arts of the counterfeiter every one of our five senses must be called to aid, including that undefinable sixth sense possessed by every skilled antiquary that causes him to apprehend, he knows not why, whether an object be truly genuine. Though on this sixth sense no entire reliance should be placed, and it must be aided by the other five, and even then at times it deceives its owner. As Sir John Evans has cleverly said, "As dogs must pass through their temper so an antiquary must have bought his forgeries before he can be regarded as properly seasoned."

Drawings professedly by Dutch and Italian Old Masters, are so common that the nicest discrimination is required. In the late eighteenth century there existed in Bologna a school of counterfeiters that turned out masterpieces on these lines, prepared with a view to the English Lord Johns doing the Grand Tour, designs that to this day fill many a portfolio in English homes or have passed into foreign hands under the auctioneers' hammer. A superior knowledge of paper grains and water-marks makes detection easier nowadays, still the prices paid are at times high enough to encourage the counterfeiter to make papers like that used in the artist's day, and further diligent search among old account books and diaries often reveal blank pages of the date required. An extra dip of coffee, a burning of the edges to give a worn look, is all that is required, and a skilful operator then draws upon it, in the style required, a silver-point or a red or black chalk design, often one that might be a first sketch of some famous picture by the master whose dead soul he is thus wronging. The whole is then generally expensively and exquisitely mounted on cardboard in the manner beloved of collectors, and

goes forth on its errand of deception.

By thus mounting, too, the amateur, searching for water-marks, is deterred. That such spurious drawings are made, even in an artist's lifetime, is proved by a tale told of Gavarni, who, happening to drop into an auction room in a remote French town, found a pile of "Gavarni" drawings noted for sale. Gavarni, who recognized them as shams, protested. His protestation was received with derision, and when he gave his name the derision increased, and he was put out as an impudent brawler. "If only the drawings had been good," Gavarni used to sigh when he told the tale, and named the figure they had fetched.

Autograph hunters should above all beware how they acquire signatures or letters. Of course every one does not fall in so easily as M. Michel Chasles, the celebrated geometer, whose case brought into court remains famous. He bought a collection of some 27,000 autographs, including letters from Jesus Christ, Cleopatra, Alexander the Great, Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, Pilate, Judas, Alcibiades, for which he paid a goodly sum. The court let the counterfeiter down gently with a £20 fine and two years' imprisonment, it being pleaded by his lawyer that upon M. Chasles' gullibility the greater burden of blame must rest. He made certain demands and the merchant supplied them *tout bien que mal*.

It was this same urgent demand that created the skilful, indeed often highly erudite forged MSS. of the Renaissance. It was this same desire for more light upon a theme of general interest that led to the famous Shapira forgeries where the British Museum was within an ace of purchasing for a million professed variants of the Old Testament, from which error they were saved by a Frenchman's ingenuity, less disposed than an Anglo-Saxon to desire new light upon Biblical themes.

This same Shapira had previously sold, also for a huge sum, a collection of Monbile pottery, once the boast of the Berlin Museum, to the German Emperor. After Shapira's unmasking they vanished from view.

To all these fraudulent transactions photography has proved an invaluable handmaiden, and photogravure autographs abound. A simple method of proving when an autograph be made in ink or printer's ink is to touch a letter with certain acids that absorb ordinary ink but cannot touch the more greasy mass used for printing. Still this process has its grave disadvantages, for if by a lucky chance the autograph is no facsimile it perishes under this test. But the use of photography works also in another way. In the case of old doctored parchments photography, with its acute vision, comes to the collector's aid, for if there has been previous writing on the skin this shows in the negative. But how hard it is even for experts to distinguish the false from the true is proved by the significant fact that in that world-famous auction room, the Hôtel Drouot, where twenty-two hours are required for the verification of furniture, eight days are asked for autographs.

Of course preparing parchment already written on to take new writing requires great care, for washing spoils the surface and makes it restive to receive a new impress. But when does not the counterfeiter exercise the most perfect care? Besides old unwritten parchments are often found, especially in Italy, by tearing off and reversing the covers of books. As for black letter books, Elzevirs, Aldines, &c., they are faked by the ton. A facsimile paper is made, the text photographed upon blocks and stereotyped, and the large red and black letters inserted after. Some *editions princeps* of the classics are distinguished by certain head and tail pieces of great charm.

Their presence or absence used to date and authenticate a book. But this was in prescientific days. The missing pieces are now slid on to more recent and less costly editions. A bibliographic expert relates how infinite are the traps set for his ilk. Thus, though in buying old books he looks at them page by page, for often a page is missing and a false one inserted, or a book is made up of three, four or five copies of the same work, but of different dates, yet even so one may walk into a trap. Once when examining a MS. he only discovered a false page by the mere chance that he noted that it was not worm-eaten, while the rest of the pages had been traversed straight through by one of these little bibliophiles. The forger had overlooked the fact that a worm eats his way from cover to cover. For the rest every detail was perfect. Literary forgeries dealing with the alterations and substitutions of texts need a work to themselves.

Illuminated manuscripts are also faked with skill and comparative ease, since the secret has been rediscovered how to apply the colors and the gold while preserving to the parchment all its transparency. After all, why should it not be possible? What man has done, man can do again, and the old monks who transcribed and ornamented their choral books had no knowledge or capacity superior to that which can still be found.

Bookbindings so much prized by amateurs, have not escaped the attention of the fakers. It is said by those who should know that it is extremely difficult to imitate the French bindings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, since it is very hard to make the new skins take on the tone acquired by the old morcecos, and still harder to give the peculiar patina to the gold tooling. Further, modern gilding stamps do not approach the exquisite

finish of the older tools. But these tools have in some instances survived, and in that case the faker's task is lightened. As for the old bindings, they are doctored with such care as often to come forth resuscitated. Only before purchasing it is not amiss to pass a wet finger over some portion of the surface. Revelations may then be seen in the shape of fresh color on the finger-tip. What are easier to copy are the vellum, pig, and calf-skin bound books of Italy and the Netherlands, stamped with ornament in blind tool—*i.e.*, without gold. Another trick is to put an old book that has lost its cover into a cover that has lost its text.

Faked terra-cottas, majolicas, porcelains, French, Italian, Chinese and Japanese also require a volume. Of all materials clay lends itself with most ease to this species of fraud, as has been discovered since Tanagra figurines have come into fashion. It is so simple to mould them, and only by the aid of compasses will it be discovered that the copies are always just a trifle smaller than the originals. But who has always the originals to hand? New Tanagras are also turned out in great perfection, not a whit behind the old, only they are a little less light because solid instead of hollow, which latter point is discovered only should they get broken. This point again, not having the originals by as a gauge, is sure to be overlooked.

Italy is the Tom Tiddler's ground of false terra-cottas, and there is nothing that cannot be got from Pompelan vases to fifteenth-century busts. In this latter branch there is the notorious case of Bastianini, whose works figured until lately in the Louvre and South Kensington as *chefs d'œuvre* of the Italian Renaissance, and were paid for beyond their weight in gold. This Bastianini was a poor lad of Flesole, who could neither read nor write, when at a ten-

der age he entered the studio of a Florentine sculptor as an assistant at the modest wage of three and a half francs a week. In his leisure hours, with an hereditary bias towards the best Italian art, he turned out, at first solely for amusement, fifteenth-century busts and bas-reliefs, which antiquarians bought for a mere song and resold, unknown to him, for large sums as genuine work. In 1848 Signor Freppa, a Florentine antiquary, recognized that in Bastianini lay hidden a Golconda. He advanced funds for the hire of a studio and materials, and encouraged Bastianini to study the Italian Renaissance, and turn out work on those lines, all of which he promised to purchase. Matters went for a time merrily. Bastianini's requirements were modest, he loved his work, he ignored the deception practiced under their cover, and he never touched a tenth of the figures paid for the Verrocchios, Ghibertis, and other great sculptors, sold as the result of his exploits. Then it occurred to him to model, in fifteenth-century style, the features of an old workman, and coolly baptized his bust Girolamo Benivieni, an illustrious Florentine poet, of whom there existed a portrait unknown to Bastianini, from the pencil of Lorenzo di Credi. For this bust Freppa paid Bastianini 350 francs. A French buyer visited Florence and bought the "Benevién" for 700 francs, with the condition that Freppa should benefit *pro rata* when the Frenchman had disposed of his purchase. No guarantee as to antiquity was given; the Frenchman bought the bust as he saw it. Arrived in Paris he began to clean off the dirt purposely imposed, and then wrote to Freppa that evidently he was a tyro—the bust was old, of the best epoch, and of great value. Freppa was not a little astonished, but since it was to his interest he kept quiet. In 1887 the Bastianini was shown in the Retrospective Art Exhi-

bition, and lauded by every critic. Put up for sale at the Hôtel Drouot, its possession was fiercely disputed until knocked down to the State for 13,600 francs. It was placed in the Louvre between a Michael Angelo and a Desiderio. Then the thing for the first time got to Bastianini's ears. He declared and proved that the bust was his handiwork, but was called an impostor for his pains. One man even offered 15,000 francs to any one who could make a pendant. Then, too, the original purchaser arrived on the scene, and abused Bastianini for pretending that the bust was his work. A virulent polemic was waged in the papers, and experts were called in to prove that the bust could not be modern. Even in the face of uncontested evidence the Louvre would not cede. It was affirmed that it was a vamped-up thing due to Italian jealousy at having lost a treasure. Now, at last, the bust bears on its pedestal the name of Bastianini, and so do those purchased by South Kensington; but doubtless many Bastianinis still figure in galleries under finer names, and certainly it is marvellous how this illiterate workman of the nineteenth century knew how to re-

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create the style and sentiment of the golden age of Italian art.

And what Italian skill of hand has done it can do again, so collectors, remember Bastianini and beware.

Renaissance statues in alabaster are turned out by the dozen made in moulds in which has been cast alabaster powder thickened with gum, afterwards patinated and polished with emery paper. Renaissance portraits in wax, now so much the mode, are fabricated in Paris with grace and ease. When sold under glass it is hard to tell the false from the real. As for marble statues, busts, fountains and what not besides, there exist in Italy large factories of such pasticci, some of which are buried to give them color and a dirt coating, all are slightly broken and chipped, while others are passed over with a special chemical preparation of which every coating represents a century of age. This art has been brought to such perfection that the test of a broken surface no longer applies, for the wash so penetrates the porous marble that it becomes discolored to the core. Of such marbles whole shiploads wander annually to the United States.

Helen Zimmern.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ROME.

I must speak of the extraordinary discovery made on the Janiculum on Saturday, February 6th, which forms the topic of the day in archeological circles. When Mr. George Wurts, the present owner of the Villa Sciarra, was laying the foundations of a new gardener's house near the lower gate, opening on the "Viale Glorios"—and this happened in the summer of 1906—many marbles, inscribed with Greek and Latin dedications, were discovered. Among these were a votive altar to the Syrian god Adonis; another to Jupiter

Maleciabrides, the local god of the Syrian town of Jabruda; a third to Jupiter Keraunios, or Fulgorator, and to the Nymphs Furiae; and lastly a Greek metric inscription concerning certain works accomplished by a devotee named Galonas (the Aramaic for "the magnificent"). This enterprising representative of Eastern superstitions in Rome was already known to us from other records which have been published both in the "Corpus Inscr. Latin." and in Kaibel's "Inscr. Greece."

The texts discovered by Mr. Wurts in

1906 proved: First, that the lower section of the old Villa Sciarra, where the gardener's cottage has just been erected, marks the site of the sacred grove of Furrina, where Caius Gracchus was put to death by his own attendant in B.C. 121, while the bodies of his 3,000 partisans were thrown into the Tiber, which runs just at the foot of the slope. Secondly, that the existence in the same grove of several springs, held in religious respect, brought about in imperial times the evolution of the old local goddess Furrina into a group of aquatic Nymphs of the same name.¹ Lastly, that at the time of the Antonines a section of the sacred grove, and one, a least, of the springs, became the property of the Syrian colony (or of one of the Syrian colonies) in Rome, which was given leave to build a national chapel, and to set up a fountain for the use of its attendants.

Starting from these facts, Prof. Paul Gauckler—whose archæological work as Curator of Antiquities in Tunisia stands in no need of my praises—took up the subject with the view to a thorough search of the ground; and, overcoming various difficulties, in high and low quarters, he has, with the assistance of Messrs. George Nicole and Gaston Darien, the sanction of the owner of the ground, the Marchese Medici del Vascello, and the permission of the Ministry of Public Instruction, carried out his plan with perfect success.

In the first place, the spring made into a canal by Gaonas for the benefit of his fellow-worshippers has been again brought into play. It gives an output of 140 cubic metres per day, and, being of excellent quality, represents to the owner of the land an additional capital of a hundred thousand

¹ Cicero (*Nat. Deor.*, III. 18) calls the scene of Gracchus's murder the grove of the Furies, but those Attic deities do not appear to have been naturalized at Rome; and we may infer from Varro that Furrina was some indigenous goddess.

frances. The basin of Carystian marble (*cipollino oscuro*) into which the water once fell, discovered accidentally in 1902, was sold to the antiquary Simonetti for 2,700 francs, and still belongs to his collection.

In the second place, it has been made clear that the original sanctuary, built by Gaonas towards the end of the second century, must have come to grief—or been abandoned—150 years later, on account of its unfavorable position at the bottom of a ravine, and another built at a higher level, with the negligence and poverty of materials characteristic of the Maxentian era. The walls of this later sanctuary have no foundations at all, and are built with chips of tufa and bad cement; but the plan of the structure itself is remarkable. It comprises a central assembly-room of considerable dimensions, facing the east, with a triangular altar in the middle, and a square one in the apse, over which a mutilated marble statue was lying, probably of a Jupiter Serapis or of a Romanized Baal. The assembly-room is surrounded by five or six chapels, in the plan of which, as well as in other structural details, the triangular shape prevails. In one of those recesses, at the eastern end of the group, another triangular altar of large dimensions was discovered on February 6th, with a rim or raised border, as if to prevent a liquid substance, spread over it, from dripping on the pavement.

It seems in the third place that towards the middle of the fourth century the worshippers in this Syrian chapel must have joined forces with the worshippers of Mithras, who were then engaged in a war *& outrance* against the overpowering Christian influence; and that they must have had to face the same decree of suppression issued by Gracchus Prefect of the city, in 377, which put an end to the practice of foreign superstition in Rome.

To such an incident in the history of the Syrian Transtiberine congregation Prof. Gauckler attributes the fact that the beautiful statues of gods discovered in the present day within the precincts of the sanctuary had been studiously concealed two feet below the floor. One, absolutely perfect, represents a young Bacchus with the usual attributes, and with the head and hands heavily gilded. Perhaps the figure was dressed in rich Eastern clothing, like some of our popular saints in Italian villages. The other is an exquisite image of a young Isis, which I believe to be an original Egyptian work worthy of having come out of one of the studios of the Saitic school; while others consider it an imitative work of the time of Hadrian. The statue (which is cut in black basalt) must have been knocked off its altar or pedestal by a heavy blow on the forehead, which disfigured the nose and the lips, and broke the body into five or six pieces, which, however, were piously collected by some one and buried in the apse of one of the smaller chapels. I believe not one is missing.

The finds described in the preceding paragraphs, interesting as they are from the archæological point of view, have been almost cast into oblivion by those which have revealed to us some of the secrets of the place.

In the "sancta sanctorum" of the main chapel, within the high altar and right under the feet of the Jupiter-Baal, a hiding-place has been detected, about one foot square, lined with plaster, in which part of a human skull of an adult was concealed. There were no bones, nor of goblets, medals, jewelry, traces of jaws or teeth or incinerated and other such funeral *καμῆλα*. The section of the skull appears to have been neatly cut, to fit the size of the hole which was to guard the secret of its origin and existence for

nearly sixteen centuries. As we cannot for obvious reasons consider this relic as an *os resectum*, as a remnant of the incineration of the body, Prof. Gauckler has advanced the conjecture, and hinted at the possibility, that we may have in this piece of skull the evidence of a human sacrifice "of consecration," so frequent in the rites of Semitic religions. The place of honor given to it in the Transtiberine sanctuary shows how valuable it was in the eyes of the initiated at whose expense the sanctuary had been rebuilt. This would be, then, the first evidence of a human holocaust ever found in Rome. The victim, immolated according to the ancient rites, identified it with the god by virtue of the sacrifice—would chain him as it were to the relics, thus ensuring his actual presence wherever its reliques were preserved. We must remember, apropos of this theory, that when the Mithreum of Alexandria was suppressed by the Emperor Constantius in 361, a party of Christian invaders discovered in a secret passage human bones, which were shown to the populace as a proof that human sacrifices had been perpetrated in that den of iniquities.

Another secret has been found buried in the core of the triangular altar at the eastern end of the building. It seems that on the consecration day a symbolic image of the presiding god, or of one of the presiding gods, was buried in a hiding-place identical in shape with the one described above, and sealed with a "tegula bipedalis" lined with cement around the rim. Lying at the bottom of the cache, with feet turned towards the west, viz., towards the high altar, was a bronze (?) figure of a Mithras Leontokephalos (?), wound, as usual, in the coils of a snake, whose head bends forward above that of the god. The interrogation marks in such matter-of-fact questions are easily explained. On the day of the consecra-

tion, before the hiding-place was sealed in which the snake and its symbolic victim were to lie for ever, mystic food was provided for the reptile, and five ordinary chicken's eggs were deposited, one at each coil. I do not know how these eggs came to be broken; the fact is that their yolk, mixed with dust and lime, has stained and encrusted the figure so that it is impossible to make out its features, and the material in which it is cast or moulded or chiselled, unless it is lifted from its couch and examined in the proper light. This has not been done yet, because there is the probability that the altar and its contents can be removed bodily to the Museo Nazionale, where the proper investigation can be made in more favorable circumstances than in the open air.

This interesting set of discoveries will give rise to fresh research in connection with the practice of foreign superstitions in Rome, and with the right of the foreign colonies to worship in their own fashion their national gods (*θεοὶ πατρῶος*), under the responsibility of their consuls or *πρόξενοι*, who acted as high priests, being invested at the same time with commercial and religious functions. I have already found the following point of comparison in the "memoirs" of Flaminio Vacca, the genial archaeological chronicler of the time of Sixtus V. He describes how a secret place of worship, the door of which had been walled up, was found in the vineyard of Orazio Muti opposite the church of San Vitale, just at the point where the Via

The Athenaeum.

Venezia now branches off from the Via Nazionale; and that, the wall having been demolished, the explorers saw a human figure with the head of a lion, round whose body a serpent was wound in coils, with the head above that of the monster-god. There were many clay lamps around the plinth of the statue, with the "becco" or point turned towards it. I can vouch for the accuracy of Vacca's statement, because the cave was entered again in 1869, when Mgr. de Merode, Secretary for War to Pope Pius IX., was tracing the present Via Nazionale along the northern slope of the Viminal. It was undoubtedly a Mithraeum in which the god was worshipped—as on the Janiculum—as Leontokephalos. The door must have been walled up by the devotees at the time of the last persecution of Gracchus (A.D. 377).

These, then, are the discoveries which have absorbed the interest of professional people for the last three weeks. They appear even more remarkable if we consider them, not as a gift of chance, but as the outcome of a plan most carefully studied, and carried into execution inch by inch by one who knew what lay concealed underground. I say this because a gentle breeze of chauvinism is already blowing in the direction of the Janiculum; but let there be no misunderstanding on this point. Those whose sense of justice and fair play is not impaired by prejudice or "xenophobia" know to whom honor is due for this new and exciting chapter in the history of Roman excavations.

Rodolfo Lanciani.

POISON AND PRIVATE SMITH.

Private James Smith trudged wearily along one of the unmetalled roads with which India abounds. He was up to his ankles in thick white dust, which

powdered his moustache, and forced its way into his ears, his nose, and his mouth; it clung to his hair, and whitened his blonde eyelashes. He was

tired; the rifle slung on his back was heavy, his bandoliers oppressed him, and his ammunition boots hurt his corns. What bothered him most was the pull-back of the horse which he towed behind him, and which dragged heavily on the reins in his master's hand. The horse was tucked-up, weary, and very lame; in fact, he looked as though the month of cavalry manœuvres through which he had carried his master had been altogether too much for him. For Private James Smith was not a light man. With all his gear, he rode a good eighteen or twenty stone, and that was a great deal for a horse whose rations did not always come regularly, and who, when they did come, had not always time to eat them.

James Smith felt himself, not without reason, to be in a sorry plight. He had been told to fall out of the ranks early in the afternoon, and to make his way to that night's camp, which lay near a village of which he had forgotten the name, about two hours before we find him; he had walked what seemed to him a great number of miles, and his hopes of meeting with some of the manœuvring troops, or of running across the tall-end of the transport, had not been fulfilled. And now here he was on this infernal road (his expression was harsher), up to his ankles in dust, the shades of night falling fast, his midday ration eaten long ago, his water-bottle empty, his tobacco-pouch equally void. And he did not know where he was going, nor when he was going to get there.

And so he felt very discontented.

Had he but known the true facts of the case he would have felt still more displeased with his immediate prospects, for the force to which he belonged—the "Blue Invaders," as the general idea of the manœuvres named them—were now a good fifteen miles distant upon his left front. Nor, trudging in

his present direction, was he getting much closer to their camp-fires, to their bubbling cooking-pots, or to the ration of rum that a kind-hearted general was probably allowing the troops after their long day's work.

What was more serious—though, of course, he was not aware of this either—was that he was approaching a village whose inhabitants were resentful of the presence in their neighborhood of two divisions of cavalry. Their crops had been over-ridden and trampled with some freedom, their fodder had been commandeered by the civil officials for the use of the troops, and the price given had been exiguous, for the officials were natives; also their sugar-cane had been looted in quantities which, if not excessive, had been decidedly annoying. For all this compensation would presently be awarded by the Government, but sad experience had taught them that money has to make a long journey from the treasure-chests of the Government to the pocket of the peasant, and that much of it falls by the wayside. It has to pass through many hands, and to each hand some of the money adheres; for are not Aryan hands notoriously sticky where coin is concerned?

But that was not all. On the very day of which we speak a fakir, filthy to an unspeakable degree, smeared with ashes, his long matted hair dyed tawny, had arrived in the village; and that fakir was at this very moment haranguing the villagers upon the wrongs of India in general. His speech was curiously good, curiously polished and educated for one of his appearance and trade, and his words were not without eloquence.

His hearers, standing and sitting around him in picturesque groups, dwelt upon his words, and swallowed his statements eagerly. They saw themselves robbed of their little stock of hard-earned money; they saw them-

selves preyed upon by a Government of foreigners, and despoiled to make fat an unknown Lord-Sahib and a King who dwelt across the seas. Truth and lies rolled together and in turn from his glib and polished tongue. Every hardship was construed as a fresh piece of tyranny by the Government; every effort at amelioration of the people's lives was twisted into something cunning and devilish, designed for their more complete undoing. Famine was shown conclusively to be due to the efforts of the Government, to its own greater gain, and to the further oppression of the oppressed. He demonstrated beyond refutation how famine had been introduced into the country with the sole view of stamping out the population. He showed how, not content with the progress of the scourge with which it was seeking to kill off the people, the Government had invented a certain thing called inoculation with the sole view of slaying the people by more direct means. The result was, of course, simply that all who were so foolish as to consent died forthwith and spread the plague still further. He dealt with the matter with the greatest eloquence, and his speech was convincing to his ignorant hearers. But, he went on, that was not all; worse things were being done. When the Government saw that people were not deceived by their wicked trick of inoculation they began to do something yet more devilish. They sent out emissaries to—here, with an orator's instinct for effect, he paused—to poison the village wells!

The wrath and horror of his audience were unmistakable; they had been worked up skilfully to a climax, and this final coup shook them.

It was at this unlucky moment that Private James Smith trudged into the village, towing his horse behind him. It needed no words from the fakir to tell them that this was perhaps, nay

probably, one of the Government-paid wretches who murdered men, women, and children alike by the cruellest and most cowardly of all contrivances. They were stirred to the depths, and ready to believe anything.

"Hush! be still!" said the fakir, as his audience growled and rustled angrily. "Be still, and watch him."

The fakir was no fool; he knew how to handle a situation, and how to turn a chance to account. That, of course, was why he was there in a fakir's garb.

"Watch him, and see if he goes not to the well," he whispered.

Private Smith, tired and footsore, was a good horse-master, and therefore he made straight for the village well, and, lowering its leather bucket, proceeded to water his thirsty horse. Of the crowd under the peepul-tree a hundred yards away he knew nothing.

The horse drank deeply and leisurely, and his master had to lower the bucket twice or thrice before he was satisfied.

"There!" said the fakir impressively to those nearest him. "There! Did I not tell you that Government sent forth men to tamper with the wells? Did I not tell you that such men were disguised, and that some go forth as soldiers, some as babus, as anything you like? Now, that man has assumed the dress of a soldier who belongs to the cavalry, and, if he has not put poison into the well, you shall call me fool and liar."

"Let us seize him and kill him!" cried a bearded peasant; his dark face was convulsed with wrath, and his voice was hoarse and tremulous.

"Seize him if you like," answered the fakir, "but kill him not till you have proved the truth of my words."

Private Smith had looked up when the angry villager had spoken; he prepared now to tighten the girths of his horse, but as he put his head under the saddle-flap he heard a sudden rush of hurrying feet, a rustle of wind-stirred

garments. Before he had time to realize what was happening he found himself torn from the side of his horse and in the grip of many hands which clutched him fiercely, pulling him this way and that. A swarm of angry men surrounded him, talking loudly and threateningly; fists and sticks menaced him, his helmet was knocked off, and his coat torn half off his back.

Private Smith was astounded by the suddenness of the onslaught, and, by the time he was sufficiently collected to think of resistance, resistance was of course out of the question. So he remonstrated in his best barrack-room Hindustani.

"'Ere," he said angrily, "what's all this tamasha about? You let me go, you nasty soors, or I'll set the police wallahs after you. You'd better dekho what you are doing. Kiswaste you puckaro me this way?"

"Bind him, brothers," said the fakir: "and, if he talks overmuch, beat him upon his mouth. Then we wiil examine the well."

Private Smith was tied up with his own rope-rein, and made very fast indeed.

If more of Private Smith's language is not recorded here it is not because he did not say much: he said a great deal, very violent things, three-quarters in English, one-quarter in Hindustani, and for saying them he was smitten on the mouth more than once. Then he was haled to an empty mud hut, tied again hand and foot, and cast upon its dirty floor. Then his captors left him, closing the door and leaving him in utter darkness, but not omitting to place one of their number on guard, with instructions to club the prisoner instantly should there be any danger of his loosening his bonds.

"And now to the well, brothers," said the fakir; and forthwith the noisy crowd hastened away.

Night had now set in; but the eager,

anxious faces of the villagers, as they thronged round the well, were illuminated by the flickle light of a lantern or two. The flickering rays danced from face to face, showing up the dark features now of one man, now of another; shining now on the metal binding of a heavy bamboo cudgel, and now on the muscular arm and hand that grasped it. The fakir's ash-daubed face showed ghastly, at one moment blanched by the wavering light, at the next appearing pale and sombre in the deep shadow cast by the movements of the lantern-bearers.

The scene was not undramatic: the tense, swarthy faces, eager, frightened, and fierce; the stalwart, virile figures of the peasants; a few women in their brick-red garments hovering on the outskirts of the throng; the dancing lanterns, with their flitting alternations of light and shadow. And in front, the leader—the spare brown man—naked save for a scanty loin-cloth, with his long, matted locks, his dirty hand grasping the iron staff of a yogi, his smeared and sensual face, possessed of one supreme weapon, a silver tongue—a tongue that could charm the ignorant ears of his hearers, and for the moment at least, sway them to any madness.

Truly, this pseudo-fakir was a useful man to those who employed him. He was not one of the posturing devotees who acquire merit and earn sanctity by measuring their length along the road all the way from Calcutta to Benares, or by some similarly foolish and impressive act. He was of another breed—a new breed that has sprung into existence, or perhaps has only renewed its existence, of recent years; a breed the members of which are sent out from various centres to poison the minds of the country folk, to tell them the "real truth" about the Feringhi and the aims of his rule.

Our own particular fakir, dowered with an eloquent tongue, a certain

amount of personal magnetism, a fair quantity of astuteness, and an unlimited stock of lies, had arrived not only upon fertile soil, but had found, as it were, a very fine top-dressing—in the shape of Private Smith—to encourage the growth of the seed that he had sown. Private Smith had arrived most dramatically, exactly at the critical moment, and, with splendid opportuneness, had, in watering his horse, done at exactly the right moment just what the fakir would most desire him to do.

And so to the well.

The throng crowded round the plinth of the well and peered over into its murky depths as though they expected to see death personified swimming about below. The fakir lifted the bucket, and, dropping it over the ledge, let the rope run through his hands till it splashed upon the water beneath. The crowd groaned, and the fakir, after jerking the rope so that the bucket should be submerged, hauled it up steadily, hand over hand, while the villagers looked on enthralled. He seized the bucket—did some tiny globes drop into it from his hand as he did so?—and called for a lantern to be brought close so that the water might be examined.

He bent over it, then raised himself, and pointed to the water.

"See!" he said solemnly. "Did I not say truth? Look at these things floating."

There was a scuffle as the peasants crowded round eagerly, and the bucket was nearly overturned.

Floating on the surface were half a dozen little objects that bobbed innocently in the ripples, and showed white in the light of the lantern.

A roar broke from the crowd; the water was poisoned!—had been poisoned before their eyes by a soldier! There was the poison in the bucket, evidence irrefragable of the truth of

statements they had been ready to believe proofless.

That is the Indian peasantry; and it is perhaps unnecessary to explain that the "poison" was made of simple bread pills. Indian villagers are not chemists, and if they were they probably would not stop to analyze a thing that is so obviously poison on the face of it. Therefore they saw that their drinking supply was tainted with death. And the life of Private James Smith hung in the balance.

Meanwhile, Private Smith lay bound upon the floor of the hut, and felt supremely uncomfortable. He ached all over for he had been handled ungentle; his bonds cut the softer parts of him and gave him cramp in the legs; his head ached and throbbed; he was very thirsty, and it was now a long time since he had tasted food. Not that he felt hungry—that was about the only physical discomfort he was not suffering from, for his state, mental and bodily, was much too parlous to allow of any craving for food. He wondered what was going to happen next—he felt afraid; although the man who was on guard, and who occasionally peeped at him through a chink of the door, would never have guessed it from the expression of his prisoner's face. But, all the same, he was horribly afraid, and the suspense of his present condition tortured him. So did the fleas and other insects with which the hut abounded. He strained his ears in the hope of hearing the sound of the trumpets of the camp, for he was still sure that the camp must be near at hand; yet he heard nothing but the angry voices of the villagers alternating with the smooth tones of the fakir. He had noticed the fakir, and had heard him speak when he was captured; and, though he was not a particularly clever man, Private Smith recognized his polished voice now, and

mistrusted it far more than the rough, harsh tones of the villagers. As a matter of fact, had he but known it, the fakir was making suggestions as to his immediate fate.

"Let us beat him well and send him away," had been the suggestion of one villager.

"No," another had said; "let us hand him over to the police. They will first take money from him, and then he will be sent to gaol."

"Let us make him drink the water," a third shouted, "so that he may die of his own poison."

The fakir felt that it was high time to intervene in the debate, and his smooth voice and dulcet tones made themselves heard. "To beat him and let him go would be a foolish thing," he said; "for, if we do that, he will report this village to the Government, and after that he will poison more wells afar from this place. To give him over to the police would be more foolish still, for he, being a servant of the Government, will at once be let free. Again, it would be the work of a fool to make him drink his own poison; for is it not well known that these men are fortified against this very poison? How could they poison every well and go scathless themselves? Do they not need to drink? No: if you must slay him—and it is for you to say, for is not the poisoned water yours?—put him into the well, and let him drown. The well is useless to you henceforth, for it is already foul with poison. Therefore, drop him into it."

Now the fakir was only too eager that the village should be embroiled with the authorities; he knew that the villagers would be much too simple and too avaricious to sacrifice Private Smith's horse, for it would be of use to them. Consequently, when search was made for Private Smith, his horse would be found in or near the village. That, in its turn, would almost cer-

tainly lead eventually to the dragging of the well and the fishing up of a soldier's body. Then there would be the devil to pay, with the ultimate result that the village would really become angry and disaffected with Government. That would be so many men gained.

The train of reasoning was not so involved as it seems, and its course was not nearly so tortuous as that of many plans evolved very successfully by the fakir and his friends.

"Therefore, drop him into the well," said the fakir smoothly.

A shout greeted his plan; as usual he had carried away his audience, and like one man they made a rush for the hut in which Private Smith was incarcerated.

Had the discussion been less noisy, or had they been less preoccupied by the matter in hand, they must have heard the village dogs a-barking; for ten minutes or more every pariah for a mile round had been yapping and howling and baying, and the noise would certainly have obtruded itself on any folk whose business had been less important than the matter of a poisoned well and the taking of a man's life.

There was a crush and a scuffle at the door of the hut, for half a dozen angry zealots arrived simultaneously at the narrow entrance; then there was an inrush, and Private Smith was again roughly seized and carried forth into the open, not without receiving some severe bumps against the door-posts. He was rather a pitiful sight with his white face cut and bleeding from the treatment he had received earlier; he was dirty and dishevelled and torn, and very much exhausted. And he was very much frightened, too. Still, in default of the resistance rendered impossible by his bound limbs, he managed to spit out an insult or two, especially aimed at the fakir, who probably

alone of all the crowd could rightly understand their meaning.

"You white-faced soor!" gasped Private Smith, almost *in extremis*. "You dirty bandar!"

The fakir hit him on the mouth.

"Yes, that's right, 't me again, you rotten-gutted sugg of hell!" cried stubborn Private Smith; and other words, not pretty, flowed in a turbid stream from his parched mouth and bleeding lips.

It was not, of course, a Christian manner of ending his life, but at all events it was keeping his end up; and, without being exactly aware of it, that was what Private Smith wanted to do before all these natives, and especially before this leering fakir.

Now it was unlucky for all concerned, except Private Smith, that the Inspector-General of Cavalry, who was acting as Director of Manoeuvres, had a strong penchant for night-marches and night-attacks. But so it was; and he had taken it into his head on this very night to order the Brigadier commanding the "Khaki Defenders" to surprise the "Red Invaders" by a night-march, and hurl them back across their imaginary frontier.

It was, then, at the advancing column of "Khaki Defenders" that all the pariahs had been barking themselves hoarse for a quarter of an hour or more.

And, just as Private Smith arrived involuntarily at the plinth of the village well, the head of the "Khaki" column debouched into the village. Private Smith heard the jingle of bits and the ring of stirrup-irons, and his shouts for help rent the welkin, causing the "Khaki" soldiers to think for a moment that they had stumbled upon a "Red" outpost or patrol.

When they arrived at the well they found lying beside it one hapless soldier, bound and much bruised. His

assailants had melted away into the night.

Private James Smith unfolded his tale to a distinguished audience, comprised of several of the most eminent cavalry leaders in India; and, when he had finished, the "Khaki Defenders," instead of fighting bloodily with the "Red Invaders," were engaged during the remainder of the night in beating the village fields, and in bringing in reluctant villagers, who had vainly sought concealment in the standing crops. British Hussars played at man-hunting with the greatest zest, and captured the quarry with whoops of delight; Indian Lancers indulged in hide-and-seek, and displayed the keenest skill and pleasure in discovering the "caches" of the hiders. Finally, just at cock-light, two patrols, one of Hussars and one of Lancers, viewed a nude figure moving with long strides across the fields. Never was seen such a chase, never was such reckless riding; the light cavalry of two nations, whooping and yelling in rivalry, raced for the capture of the naked man with the ash-smeared face. Finally, after twisting and dodging like a hare into nullahs and through corn-fields, he was caught by two triumphant Lancers, and, with a rope-rein round his neck, was led back to the village.

Meanwhile, the captured villagers had told their tale.

The upshot was, firstly, that Private Smith was stiff and sore for several days; secondly, that the village had quartered upon it a force of punitive police, to show them that soldiers must not be bound or drowned in that off-hand way; thirdly, that the fakir, who turned out to be a defaulting babu from a commercial office in Calcutta, was sent to the Andamans for ten years.

And yet—would you believe it?—the villagers dug a new well!

E. Christian.

EDWARD FITZ-GERALD.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE BY HIS GREAT-NIECE.

Edward Fitz-Gerald, the great Translator-Poet of the nineteenth century, was born, as all the world now knows, one hundred years ago—on the 31st of March 1809—at what was then called Bredfield White House, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk. His father and mother were first cousins, and the former added her name and arms to his own of Purcell. When she died in 1855, the *Illustrated London News* spoke of her as “Mrs. Mary Frances Fitz-Gerald, a lady well known for her high accomplishments and for her patronage of literature and the fine arts—her house being the favorite resort of writers, dramatists, and painters,” and added: “Mrs. Fitz-Gerald was a scion of the Ducal House of Leinster, being a Geraldine of that branch which descends from the second son of the first Earl of Kildare.” Then follows an enumeration of her properties, ending with “the historic manor of Naseby in Northamptonshire, and the lands of Bougle in Suffolk.”

The Purcell-Fitz-Geralds seem to have lived the usual life of the opulent land-owners of the day, migrating between 39 Portland Place and one of their own or some hired country house, such as Worstead, near Ipswich, of which the writer's father has baby recollections—a visit to his grandfather and grandmother—a confused vision of some expanse of water supposed to be the sea off Harwich.

He hunted, and amongst the few recorded memories of Fitz-Gerald's childhood's days was that of his father fully equipped and playfully trying the new lash of his hunting whip on his children's shoulders with the wholly well-meant but inelegant “Have at ye, ye divils!” as greeting.

She entertained, was entertained,

went to the Opera, the “Ancient” Concerts,¹ the French play, and all other fashionable functions, dressed magnificently—was a recognized beauty. And thus, amidst much ceremony, show, and glitter, their gifted son grew up. A curious and anomalous preparation, one would think it to have been, for the exaltedly simple and wondrously monotonous life which was Fitz-Gerald's own choice in later years.

But it did its destined work—neither the scholar alone nor the man of the world alone, could have made Omar intelligible to us—one might have been too heavy, the other too light of purpose. The two, fused in the poet's crucible, gave us that measured declaration of his mind's subtleties which was Fitz-Gerald's great legacy to his country's literature.

Most of the people who have written about my great-uncle never saw him, never fell under the charm of his smile, so beautiful, so unforgettable—revelation of a tender, charitable, crystalline spirit, incapable of a mean, a selfish, an untruthful thought—never heard his rhythmic voice, nor knew the aloof courtesy of his manner, his own manner, which hedged him about from the impertinences of the would-be over-familiar, as “divinity” did once, we are told, hedge about the persons of kings; and it is something to their honor, and also much to his, that though their portraits have shown some whimsicalities, some gentle fobles, now one, now the other, all have given us the presentation of an honorable, truthful, upright life, of a humble, brave, and generous soul.

My first recollection of Fitz-Gerald

¹ These assemblies were nearly as difficult of access as Almack's.

is, as a very little girl, being one of a party on board his yacht—my first concrete recollection, as it were. My father had lately left the Army for what was then a Staff appointment, the adjutancy of the Rifle Volunteers, in the neighborhood of Woodbridge and Ipswich, and we were living in a delightful and rather large house at Grundisburgh, near Boulge and Goodbridge. My mind's eye can see the house now, its somewhat imposing flight of front doorsteps, its cool hall paved in black and white, its cheerful day and night nurseries—you went suddenly down into them by the oddest little four-step staircase. The night nursery had unusual windows that moved lengthways in a groove, and a wide sill, where we grew geraniums; and out of these windows we could watch the strawberries ripening, and could expect them, though with disappointment, on the 1st of June, as did Chryssa in that classic of our youth, Miss Wetherell's *Chryssa and Sybil*.

The warm, sunny kitchen, too, I can see, with its deeply porched door leading into a vegetable garden—smelling of thyme and peppermint and apple blossoms, and the indefinable, clean odor of trim little box edgings, and honey in countless beehives; a garden in which, to my childish imagination, lilac and syringa, guelder roses, peonies, clumps of pinks, bachelor's button-daisies, purple violets playing bo-peep under their dusty leaves, golden pippins, and bunches of hard, shining filberts were the gifts of each and every day; a garden on which the sun for ever shone and in whose precincts the swallows stayed all the year round. At the bottom of the orchard ran a singing, babbling brook, whose duty, after it had turned a mill higher up, was to soften the osiers gathered and set ready in clumps for peeling. The singing of that brook was "heart's content," and the sun on its shallow rip-

ples and miniature waves, gold, of the very joy of life.

Well, from this land of peace and varied delights, it seems to me that I was snatched very early one summer's morning—a solemn mid-Victorian child, in a much-gilded white sun-bonnet—and conveyed to the samphire-fringed shores of the Deben at Woodbridge, and thence on board Fitz-Gerald's yacht; and after dropping down the river we put to sea, with the usual unpleasant consequences to some of us, and landed at Aldeburgh, where I was regaled on rice pudding, and went, I fancy, lulled by my mother's voice talking to others of the party, sound asleep. Perhaps I was five years old, not more, but of that day, of the sighing of the wind in the sails and cordage, of the slippery white deck, the stuffiness of the small cabin, of Fitz-Gerald's presence, of his slow melodious voice, of the strenuous motion of the vessel and the sensation of ceaseless flight I have a clear though disjointed vision and memory. Fitz-Gerald treated children—of whom he was a great observer and passionately fond—with a dignified courtesy which, while it appalled their elders, had no other effect on those infallible judges of character—young persons of the age to be inordinately addicted to balls, hoops, kites, and hop-scotch—than to make them anxious of attracting his attention and ready to listen to, and sometimes dispute, his words of wisdom. "No, no; play fair, play fair," was his frequent adjuration. On a sweetly dignified maiden aged three, in a French hood, who laid the tiniest dimpled brown hand in his long, fine-fingered nervous one—she met his polite inquiry as to her name with a gentle but firm taciturnity—he passed the amused and relevant judgment, "She is very discreet," and allowed no unwise urging to a reply. He had come out of his garden gate, tall, loose-limbed, in his blue

coat, soft black silk cravat, and high hat, a gentleman of the early '40s, on purpose to intercept and greet her; which he did as though his had been the Royal Presence and she the fairest débutante of her year. Her age and sex against his age and learning: they were equals.

A year or two after this episode of the voyage to Aldeburgh we left Grundisburgh, and came, for the convenience of our father's work, to a house of many gables, set in a little stiff garden on the top of the hill over which runs the road from Fitz-Gerald's house—Little Grange—on to Bradfield House, and further yet to Boulge. We were immediately given the freedom of Fitz-Gerald's much larger garden and meadows, and often of the house, in which he did not then live, preferring his lodgings over Berry the gunsmith's shop, where he had a cheerful and varied outlook, especially on that weekly festa, market day, and was able to come and go with little of responsibility, a condition he ever loved. Before me lies directed to him at these very lodgings a gray paper-covered, very Italian music-shop suggestive *cahier*, the address in the unmistakable hand of his brother Peter; that Peter who loved to drive his mother's four-in-hand of blacks—"Sweep," "Barmaid," what were their names?—and who accompanied that majestic personage when she made the "Grand Tour" in her carriage, was presented to the reigning Pope, attended the Court balls at Naples and had Cramer play to her in Paris, criticised the paintings in every known gallery, and lodged at Rome immediately beneath the Duchess of Cambridge. "Sweet little Princess Mary above my head jumping," she writes, and adds, "She has conceived a passion for my little Rubini," namely, the much-travelled, ill-tempered King Charles spaniel, who also made the tour.

To return to the badly printed, dingy Italian music, the sight of whose limp pages has made me wander into the perilous path of digression, "Armonica Religiosa" it is called, did Fitz-Gerald play it in his airless lodgings over the gunshop, and play with it, and transpose it, deepen its bass and make its treble to ripple, its chords stepping-stones to fresh modulations, and draw out their melodies until they died in faintest sighs? Perhaps he did; perhaps he played it all simply as it is written, in the pleasant quiet of his own drawing-room at Little Grange, and on his own mellow grand piano; but, when and where, be sure that it was played by the hand of a musician and with the comprehension of the poet. As to the lodgings, so commonplace in their history and day, I believe that Mr. Loder, Fitz-Gerald's kind admirer and friend—whose bookshop in the Thoroughfare had ever the most tempting new publications and bundles of quill pens such as Fitz-Gerald loved, delightful notebooks, sealing-wax that charmed the childish eye, and stationery fit either to enhance a fervent declaration, or to further the lawyer's progress "*in re Jones*"—has placed a stone over the doorway, on which are engraved Fitz-Gerald's initials and the inclusive dates of his habitation of these now much written about rooms.

Fitz-Gerald might often have been seen walking the narrow streets of cheerful Woodbridge—one almost looks now to meet his tall slight figure, always moving leisurely, always with the air of one constrained to be spectator at a show, and with something of melancholy, as though he, too, "saw through tears the juggler's leap." In fact, he saw most things and that with the air of seeing none. We never spoke to him unless he recognized us by speaking first. He would come up the hill from Little Grange, letting himself out of the gate—such a stiff, hard-

to-open, jealous gate—at the end of his “quarter-deck,” the wide gravel path from which he could see a favorite windmill, and, passing our garden, stop to pluck one or two laurustinus leaves and perhaps speak to or watch us children in our swing. I think the motion fascinated him as we went high and higher—afraid but triumphant—at length to let ourselves “die,” as we called it. At the time we thought little of those now dearly remembered appearances, nor ever imagined that our grave, quiet uncle’s thoughts—such was his art—ran in other grooves than our own. He spoke to us of simple things: our pet doves—he gave them a round wicker cage (do such cages exist anywhere now, save in a memory and in old woodcuts?); the amber he had lately had the rare good fortune to find on Felixstowe beach, of which I have a little roughly shapen heart, a little heart pierced by a thread-like gold ring; the probability that his hens would give us a basketful of brown eggs; Mrs. Howe’s gingerbread; or a book left open on the Little Grange library table, into which we might look (we might not look into all); or there was a delightful and mysterious-looking parcel awaiting us there—who knew what might not be in it?

Fitz-Gerald walked to Bradfield often, sometimes to Boulge, but seldom further than to the gates of the cow-slip-studded park. Never were there such cowslips for the making of cow-slip-balls in the spring, nor such burnished warm-hued horse-chestnuts, inviting and ready to the necklace-maker’s hand as those that autumn gave us in the park at Boulge, and close to the cottage which had been Fitz-Gerald’s dwelling place for a time.

We went often to Boulge, and were made very welcome and happy in that dear house. The talk there was mostly of politics and literature, and a good deal of state and ceremony pre-

vailed, and we were expected to appear at stated times and to listen in silence as was the decorous fashion of those days, having been dressed perhaps an hour beforehand and seated, with strict orders not to “rumple” ourselves, in the upper drawing-room. We sometimes drove from Boulge in the large wagonette to see Fitz-Gerald, being dropped on the Melton road near Miss Bland’s house, and conveyed the few yards to Little Grange by a discreet footman, there to talk to Mrs. Howe and watch old Howe feed the pigeons and the greedy ducks, and listen to his rambling conversation of the sailor Lord Howe, of being whose namesake he was indeed very proud, and a record of whose deeds, a greasy, yellow-paged, well-thumbed, evill-smelling book (a loan only, though: he could not part with it), he pressed on me as being the studious one of the party. Like Huckleberry Finn, “I read considerable in it,” and was much terrified thereby. Old Howe, who always wore a round, short coat like an Eton boy’s, would go marketing into Woodbridge with a capacious basket, whose weight, when full, was always a source of anxiety to Fitz-Gerald; and Mrs. Howe, in her much-gathered and flounced gown with its pointed bodice, deep embroidered collar, and large brooch, would polish the unused farm-house kitchen range, with its numerous brass-fitted oven doors and appurtenances, till it shone again, or set out dishes of rusk and bread-and-butter and cake and her famous thin gingerbreads, to be presently brought in to us in the dining-room with some punctilio, as though we had not seen their preparation, and received with an air of pleasant surprise by Fitz-Gerald’s “Enter Mrs. Howe with the tea-tray.”

By and by would come the Boulge carriage, with much jingling of harness and pawing of impatient horses’ feet, the friendly footman performing a tat-

too of art and strength on the iron ring knocker-handle of the rustic gate; and we would drive away through the wild rose, honeysuckle-perfumed evening air along the wide empty road to Boulige, in at the gate, and past Fitz-Gerald's cottage and the old oaks, sheeted with lead to keep them together; there was a curse on him who should hasten their end, so ran the legend; in the twilight they seemed the changelings of some fantastic fairy tale, awaiting the prince who should set them free. Sometimes there were meetings in the morning at Little Grange. Nephew and nieces would be staying there, and we, out for our early walks, would be called in to sit beside our elders—very still, very patient—while their conversation went on. I can see Fitz-Gerald in the early spring sunshine, on the sheltered side of the house, pigeons fluttering, cooing, getting under his feet, so embarrassingly tame were they; but has not Tennyson told us so?

There would be mention perhaps of Fanny Kemble, his dear old friend; he was going up to town, and would see her and Carlyle too; or Thackeray's name would come up.

Here I cannot forbear quoting from a letter of Fitz-Gerald's, in which mention is made of a meeting between these two; it bears no other address than

London, Wednesday.

My dear Kerrich,—I received your note (the double one I mean), and thank you for it. I send you by the coach a kennel for your Lion, which I hope will get safe to you. The iron grating necessary to secure the doorway, to prevent danger to the family from so fierce a beast, I must leave to you to provide. I start to-day for Bedford on my way? to Suffolk—I shall be at Boulige on Tuesday, then, I suppose, I shall hear of you. . . . Tell Miss Schutz that I send her Dibden's songs and . . . an Italian Dictionary by this slow coach. . . . Thackeray is blooming,

and remembers you. We have smoked together as usual. W. Browne thinks of going into the Church—what a pity he should be spoiled. Thackeray, coming in, sends his compts. as below, with which we both bid you heartily farewell.

E. F. G.

There comes at the foot of the paper a spirited pen-and-ink sketch of a young gentleman, hand on heart, in so-called "skeleton" trousers and a Toby frill, "making a leg" as the deferential bow used to be called, to a damsel of haughty aspect who smells a full-blown rose. The simpering idiocy on the boy's face is delightful, and "Miss" with her grown-up airs no less charming.

After a while came changes—the young people grew up—the happy groups that gathered at Little Grange dissolved never again to meet in just the same way as heretofore. We moved into Norfolk, and Fitz-Gerald came often to stay at Lowestoft; he loved the flat, sandy expanse of beach, the rough North beach for preference, where the fishermen dried and mended their nets and smart folks did not come. He would sit for hours on the sunny Battery Green—children at play all about him, a noisy, unkept crew—or walk the pier, absent-minded, absorbed in the music of the then excellent band. Or he would appear in the twilight at the lodgings of some favorite nieces, with a little offering—a few fine pears, a bunch of grapes; he had a genius for making pretty presents—always interested in their interests. When my brother went to Cambridge, Fitz-Gerald had him to breakfast with him in his rooms at Lowestoft, spoke to him of his own days at Trinity, and bade the new undergraduate go and taste the celebrated ale at some little house of call on the banks of the Cam—the one mentioned in *Euphranor*, I believe it to have been.

Fitz-Gerald had a great affection for the old "Ivy House" in North Lowestoft; his brother John had several times rented it, latterly one of his nephews. Of its then owner, old Mr. Fisher, a bowed, pathetic, white-haired figure wrapped in a cloak, he said one day to me, "How exactly like dear old Carlyle!"

These visits to Lowestoft continued at intervals until the end came—so peacefully, so absolutely as he would have wished that it should—and were, I think, the chief source of his pleasure during the last few years of his life. Just before his death he revisited Geldeston Hall, the home of his sister Mrs. Kerrich's married life; her presence gone, he had not had till then the heart to see it again, and she not there. The house was empty, but he lunched there, waited on by the lodge-keeper's wife, who had been housemaid when "Mr. Edward" was a constant visitor, and who had not-to-be-defied orders never to disturb the books and papers which heaped his room.

"Amy" was fond of telling how he gave her an eight-day grandfather's clock as a wedding present, and had for him and his untidy "ways" a courteous toleration mixed with the affection he could always inspire in servants; he was so very ready to save them all trouble that he could comprehend.

Fitz-Gerald went on from Geldeston to Gillingham Hall, of which house the Miss Schutz aforementioned had been the talented chatelaine. She was his great friend and his sister's friend. Older than either, she was also the first to go. Many must have been the walks he took along the half-mile of oak-shaded country road which lies between the two houses, with her and to see her, the walk ending at the gates of Gillingham Hall, unusually set between two churches; one, "the ivory steeple," as we Norfolklans call its ivy-

embraced stones; the other a many-pillared, dark Norman building—of William Rufus' time—so runs the tale. Gillingham Hall garden was known to and loved by Browne, he of *Religio Medici* fame; here he walked and gathered its herbs and simples.

The world was much poorer when Fitz-Gerald left it. For some time it took no cognizance of its loss, and nothing can be more extraordinary in the history of posthumous reputations than the slow but steady and persistent growth of his, which now, in this year of the centenary of his birth, has almost reached the perilous dignity of a cult. Quotations from Omar are in the mouth of every cultured "miss" in real life and in fiction. Half-crown and penny magazines alike drag in his name. No novelist of pretension is happy unless one chapter boast a quotation as headline or some heroine goes through the psychological moment of her existence with the *Rubáiyát* at hand on her dressing-table to point out to her the nothingness of all things. In every conceivable binding and at all variety of price it lies on bookshop counters and railway stalls.

Fitz-Gerald certainly never foresaw this fruit of his leisurely labors. I take leave to doubt, ungracious though that may seem to an appreciative public, whether he would have wished for or liked it. Cheap indiscriminate admiration he gave to neither person nor thing: it was his abhorrence. Would he have welcomed it lavished on himself, so little understood when living; on his work, possibly so little understood now?

The solemn music of his quatrain is as the ground swell of the ocean in some echoing cavern; as the burden of the west wind over a grove of sad cypress; as the perfume of roses in the warm darkness of a summer's night before the dawn breaks; as the depths of wine cooled in the snow; as the gar-

nered melancholy of man's heart in all ages; and, being these things, it is also much that this century knows not yet its need of, prate as it may of Omar.

A year or two ago it was my happy lot to be staying at Thornby Rectory, near Naseby, part of the Fitz-Gerald country, and where there were yet a few who remembered him. These kind people entertained me in the sweetest old-fashioned drawing-room. Little mirrors, priceless from the collector's point of view, hung high up on the walls—little oval gilt-framed mirrors, and so high up that they seemed only intended to see the white clouds on the blue sky of that hot afternoon. China, too—such as would have caught Fitz-Gerald's eye—stood on tables whose date was of the mirrors; bowls of roses, delphiniums, geraniums, and wonderful bouquets of worked flowers vied with them in color. Also there was provided a delightful tea of the comfortable all-round-the-table order which would have cheered Cowper's heart, if not Fitz-Gerald's.

The memory of my courteous hostess was not what it had once been; but on hearing his name she said cheerfully, "Edward Fitz-Gerald? Of course I recollect Edward Fitz-Gerald: what of him?" and then, with a spark of roguery and the prettiest pink flush, "is he married?"

"She was a pretty girl, and always had two strings to her bow," said the perfect host with an answering smile, and then told me that Fitz-Gerald spent his days at Naseby in the same quiet as at Boulge or Woodbridge. His mother hated the house, Naseby Woolleys, and the neighborhood, and only visited them twice, and then "drove about and was very haughty and distant." Such was the verdict on what was most likely acute boredom at being so far from town and her own coterie. Fitz-Gerald was regarded as a harmless, solitude-loving, taciturn young man.

At another village in these parts—well known to him—I made inquiry as to remembrances of him of the most likely inhabitant, to be answered, "Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-Gerald? Do you mean the commercial traveller?" "Oh, no," I replied; "I only wanted to hear about the Fitz-Gerald who wrote some verses." His fame had not travelled so far, which I daresay was as he would have had it be.

It was a fiercely hot day when I drove along the straight white road which leads from Thornby to Naseby, and I was glad to get into the cool of the ugly church, whose entrance seemed like that of Mrs. Harris's house "round the corner," and over whose threshold Fitz-Gerald walked "quite the king" in a blue frock-coat, as he tells us. In the front pew, just under the pulpit, dedicated to the occupants of the great house, one may be sure he did *not* sit.

The "Fitz-Gerald Arms" still stands, a substantial, imposing memento of their reign. The Woolleys itself I could not see, but it doubtless bears no traces of their ownership. The daughter of Linnet, one of the old servants—old herself now, and with but confused and rambling memories of her girlhood—had been interviewed by "a gentleman from London," and had heard "he meant to print" what she had told him. She received me, therefore, with some suspicion, but on hearing my name said, "Oh, you must be Eleanor's grandchild: she married John Kerrich, out of Norfolk." She told me of an attempt to break into the house when her father was left in charge of it and how "he whipt old Oliver's sword out of his hand and made after them down the front staircase and into the scullery, but he never caught no one"; "Oliver" being the Cromwell of that name, who is still a byword in those parts, and whose armor was moved with other Fitz-Gerald belongings to Ireland when

Naseby was sold. Such details were clear in the old woman's mind; the coats of arms—"monkeys there were on them; they unscrewed off the park gates; Mr. Fitz-Gerald he had them sent by water to Little Island—they were heavy."

The school, the ground for which was a joint gift from Fitz-Gerald and all his brothers and sisters, as the deed shows, was built by and endowed by his father and mother with, so I understand, this stipulation attached, that the Church Catechism should amongst other things be "taught in it every day."

The monument erected to perpetuate the memory of the battlefield is now linked with Fitz-Gerald's own as being the occasion of his friendship with Carlyle. Hideous in itself and the rendezvous of trippers, whose sandwich-papers and other lunch *débris* covered its base on the day when I visited it, it commands, as it was intended to do, a fine view of the rolling Northampton-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

shire country oddly like the delicate, clear-atmosphered water-color drawing of a hundred years ago; its pastures and hedges, its oaks, its far-stretching roads so old-world that one might expect to meet Rupert's rallied horse at any turn, or irresolute Charles Dalzell at his bridle rein urging haste. The magpie, that bird of unerring wisdom and cunning, haunts the lonely wide fields; dog roses bloom in endless profusion, no man saying them nay. They are lighter in color than their Persian sisters; but I think Fitz-Gerald loved them, and the space and peacefulness of all this Midland scenery.

Here, where your lyric "The Meadows in Spring"

Rose like the lark's, enraptured, piercing, sweet—

Here will I lay this little Word—this Thing,

Nosegay of memories only, humbly at your feet.

Mary Eleanor Fitz-Gerald-Kerrich.

"SEEMS SO"--THE SUFFRAGETTES.

In London the suffragettes have held up public business. Here, in a working man's household a hundred and fifty miles from town, their agitation scarcely stirs us. We are lookers-on; and whether or no we see most of the game, we are not, like the players, under an obligation to take sides. We do not imagine that we know the facts of the woman suffrage question, or of any other political question, either completely or accurately. Who does? All we can say is, "Seems so to us." But according to that "Seems so" we shall vote, though for which party at the next election we have not the slightest idea; and our votes will count as much as anybody else's. Food to eat and a house over us is our great question; political questions are our recreation.

The suffragettes have worried Ministers, scandalized the Commons, and disorganized the police. They amuse us.

One of the children rushed home last week: "Mother, Miss Penley-Jones says you got to come to a meeting an' hear what they suffragettes be going to do, an' her'll give 'ee a cup o' tay." Mrs. Perring was trying to cook dinner, iron the sheets, and nurse the baby at the same time. "You go back," she said, "an' tell Miss Penley-Jones that I don't intend to mix meself up wi' the likes o' they, an' I got me own cup o' tay in house, thank you, wi' out wasting time wi' chatter-megs. They don't give 'ee tay when they don't want nort." Mrs. Perring does not wish for a vote, and she does not believe that

most working women do. She says she has no time to waste on politics, as men have. In England there is a vast number of women who, needing neither to struggle nor to work, never come to handgrips with life, and never can learn what a working woman has to contend with; and Mrs. Perring resents any system under which the women who are fully occupied with living would have to depend politically on the busybodies who do not know what life really is. "I should have to follow the lead," she says, "of the Miss Penley-Joneses, what puts on us enough as 'tis. Her's got time 'cause her an't never learnt to look after nothing—that I do know—while me that has had to learn experience, I an't got time to be troubled w'l it, an' never sha'n't have. I reckon they suffragettes wants half-a-dozen kids like this yer squad o' mine. That'd steady 'em."

Dave Perring wished to know their aim. On learning that they claim votes, first, because they pay rates and taxes, and secondly, because they say they will do a lot of good when they get them, he was much surprised. "They'm not kicking up all thic buzz for that?"—"They say they are."—"What do 'em propose to do 'xactly?"—"That they don't say."—"Then if they don' know what they want, what do 'em want it for? I tell thee what, 'tis sweethearts they wants. There's nort like it for a girl as is kicking up a buzz. I've a-proved it."—"But don't you remember the fuss and speeches they made when it was reported that one of them had thrown her arms round a Member of Parliament's neck?"—"G'out! Pleased an' proud enough he was, I bet; her too."

We do not see any very grave reason why the suffragettes should not have the vote, except their tendency to revert to the methods of the hustings. Still less can we see why they should. And

we certainly do not think that a sweeping alteration in the government of the country ought to be made without very grave reason indeed. England is not precisely a pleasant place to live in for those who have no money and no property, and changes seem mainly for the worse in that respect; but we do know at present what we have to contend with, and, mistrusting small changes much, we mistrust great changes more. People whose weekly income barely feeds and houses them cannot afford to experiment in changes.

On the other hand, some grandiloquent anti-suffrage pamphlets that have been sent us amuse us almost as much as the suffragettes themselves. "More trouble w'l them too, I s'pose," Dave says. The names on the rival manifestoes do not impress us in the least. Most of them we know nothing about, and do not want to. Far more, apparently, than the newspaper-reading classes, we ask for reasoning, not names. And that is the very thing that is not offered us, at any rate in language we can all understand. We are well assured that any party we help to put in power will work for its own ends, not ours, until it wants us to help it into power a second time. If we had a suffragette Cabinet or a suffragette House of Lords, we should expect nothing of them except an attempt to make us act as they think proper, instead of their acting as we think proper. No doubt women will get the vote some day, when it is to the tactical advantage of one or other of the great parties to give it to them.

As for the suffragettes' pranks and bad behavior, we do not approve, but we thank them for the sport provided. We are glad to see Governments that harass us with school inspectors, medical officers, policemen, so-called temperance reforms, and such-like ha-

rassed in their turn. To our mind, the most shameful thing about the suffragettes' agitation is their special treatment in prison. If Mrs. Perring, who objects, both maternally and on principle, against having her children hit by anybody else, especially by schoolmasters, were to go and brawl in the town schools on that account, she would probably go to prison in the ordinary way, and would feel the separation from her husband and household, and from the children whose welfare prompted her to brawl, at least as much as the "cultured lady" suffragettes feel their separation from the friends and books that egged them on. There has always been, in practice, one law for the rich and another for the poor; and now apparently there is a third for ladies who assert loudly enough that their bad behavior was due to good intentions. At the "Cable and Anchor" we came across a picture of the suffragette with the dog-whip. "Fine woman," observed Dave. "What's her s'posed to be doing?"—"She's a suffragette,—getting into Parliament."—"An' what be 'em going to do when they gets there? Why, nort for the likes o' us, same as they always has done. Parcel o' women! If men can't govern the country w/out they, 'tis time to pack up. Aye! 'tis better to look pretty and be nice. 'Tis the old way, an' 'tis the best way, an' it gets 'em their own way quicker, if they only know'd it. I dearly likes to see 'em wi' their rag out, thee's know; but I an't got no patience wi' them as won't let a chap what's got up a meeting for the purpose speak and explain hisself."

At bottom, the question is one of ideals,—namely, whether we shall give up the lady and domestic ideals, which have the strength of tradition behind them, in favor of an untried political mud-splasher ideal for women. One of the most important parts of practical

politics is, and will remain, that of mud-splashing. The suffragettes have taken to it admirably. Hitherto we have had it as an aim to keep our womenfolk out of the dirty work, or at least not to add to that which already falls to their share. The domestic woman we are not likely to undervalue; or her power either. We are aware that not every woman by any means can find her lifework in house and family, in motherhood. But the mother type is the normal, and, though we would allow abnormal types their fling in every way possible, we would not alter the Constitution to suit them.

The lady is less useful. She requires so much propping, so much shelter, so much service, for her more ornamental existence. No doubt she has her function in society just as the road-sweeper and kitchenmaid have theirs. She has time and money to try experiments. She sets standards of conventional amenity which, however grotesque in the imitation, are of use in keeping other people up to their own standards. Comparatively unprofitable herself, she makes society more elastic than a community of men and women, all hard at work, could be. We can do with the lady—we like her, in fact—so long as she sticks to her last. The suffragettes appear to be ladies who do not.

It is not that we are unacquainted with any suffragettes. Dave Perring had a very enjoyable conversation one day with a militant suffragette who in private life, if I may put it so, is altogether charming. Indeed, he did not realize that she was a suffragette. "Who was her, then?" he asked. "Her seems a nice lady." When he heard that she had carried a "Votes for Women" sandwich-board through the West End—"Well," he said, "who'd ha' thought thic? Her looks like a lady too!"

But the herrings have come into the bay, and herrings here are more important than suffragettes; and when the herrings come into the political bay,

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they will, we fancy, be found more important there too.

Stephen Reynolds,
Author of "A Poor Man's House."

THE EARTH'S RIGIDITY.

M. Camille Flammarion, in a letter recently published, made what has been described as the "incredible announcement" that it has been established as the result of observations that the earth twice every day experiences general undulations corresponding to oceanic tides. The observations have been carried out by Professor Hecker, of Potsdam, and the announcement has drawn much attention to the modification with which the earth's rigidity and stability are to be accepted. It must however be pointed out that it is singularly late to describe the discovery of earth tides as an "incredible announcement." The fact that the earth as well as the ocean does yield to the strain produced by the moon's attraction has been known for many years. So long ago as 1879, indeed, Sir George Darwin was engaged in endeavoring to measure *the amount of the earth's tides*. Further, for a number of years we have had a rough measure of this amount of yielding, for as we can calculate how high the ocean tides would rise if the earth were perfectly rigid, knowing approximately how high they actually rise we can thence gauge approximately the earth's tides. This indirect method was obviously unsatisfactory. Sir George Darwin's experiments in 1879 moreover proved abortive, but they were sufficiently instructive to suggest to other workers the method of attacking the problem.

On this question Professor Hecker has been engaged since 1902, and his research was published in 1907. The in-

strument used was apparently a simple horizontal pendulum of delicate adjustment, and the analysis of two and a half years of continuous records showed that earth tides did actually take place, and that they were of the dimensions such as would be found on a globe of steel. A quantitative measure of the tides has been given, and it is stated that the earth's crust rises and falls daily as much as eight inches. The real interest however of the fact, which, as has been pointed out, is not by any means a new discovery, is the light it throws upon the earth's rigidity. Before Hecker's work was published Lord Kelvin had calculated that the earth was more rigid than glass though perhaps not more rigid than steel. Hecker's work has therefore confirmed Lord Kelvin's, and it has also confirmed what the facts of seismology have indicated. For from the speed with which the first waves of an earthquake travel, it has been concluded that the earth must be as rigid as the hardest steel.

Yet this conclusion is not without momentous consequences. It is not many years since it was generally held that the earth was a molten mass underneath the solid crust. It is admitted that the interior of the earth is extremely hot. But what is now known of the earth's rigidity will not allow of the assumption that the earth's interior is liquid. It must be borne in mind that, as far as we have experience, a body which is under a heavy pressure can bear a much higher temperature without melting than one

which is not subject to such a condition. In the interior of the earth, however, we have pressures which no one can have hope of reproducing, or even adequately realizing, on the earth's surface. It follows, then, that although subject to great heat the earth may still be solid, and facts similar to those laid bare by seismology and the study of earth tides have induced most scientists to hold that the interior of the earth is, indeed, solid.

Yet while seismology and the research into earth tides have thus attested the earth's rigidity and solidity, they have also pointed out that this quality is certainly limited. To the ordinary reader, to claim that a body is as rigid as hard steel would suggest little possibility of distortion. Yet the fact of earth tides proves that such a body is capable of distortion, and capable indeed of periodic distortion. The tides produced in the solid earth must have been much greater when the earth was in a more plastic state, but they have been shown to be measurable now. Furthermore, the large waves which constitute the centre portion of an earthquake record are assumed to be of much the same character as the waves of an ocean swell. Such waves travel all round the earth. They are long, and their vertical displacement is small, and hence they cannot be appreciated by the senses. But it is probable that they can be detected by animals, for pheasants have suddenly taken to flight, birds have flown from trees, and flocks of birds have swerved in their flight at the time when the seismograph registered an earthquake. Other movements of the earth which give one a better appreciation of what is meant by rigidity have also been revealed by modern science. Professor Milne some time ago discovered, from the movements of the boom of the horizontal pendulum during the night and day, that a valley

closes at night and opens during the day. Valleys, in fact, seem to act like springs. Evaporation while the sun is shining prevents the base of the spring being loaded so much as is the case when the sun is not shining. The spring consequently opens in the sun, and closes when the sun has set.

The limit of the earth's rigidity is clearly seen in the phenomena of earthquakes. The adjustment of the exterior crust to a cooling and shrinking interior is constantly going on. The pressure on the upper surface of the crust is such that it must ever seek to adjust its internal surface to the nucleus of the earth. There comes a moment consequently when the strain involved in the adjustment is too great for the strata to bear, and a fracture takes place. This forms what is called a fault, and the slipping of the strata on one side of the fracture results in an earthquake. This is to state the matter somewhat crudely, but sufficiently accurately to understand the problems involved by an earthquake. For it becomes at once clear that adjustments will continue to take place about such a fracture. Further shrinking will be succeeded by further settlements, and from this it is evident that earthquakes can never, from the nature of the case, be foretold with absolute certainty. For the state of the inner nucleus can never be known, how it shrinks, how far it supports or fails to support the crust. All that can be done is to discover if external phenomena have any marked influence upon earthquakes and then the probability of shocks in districts of known stability can be gauged to some extent. As the adjustments described are perpetually going on it is not surprising to find that about thirty thousand earthquakes occur every year. Naturally only a small number of these are of sufficient intensity to disturb the earth as a whole. About

sixty world-shaking earthquakes occur annually, disturbing the earth's mass for several hours, but the smaller shocks are sufficient to shake considerable areas.

Adjustments consequent upon shrinkage of the internal nucleus, and resulting from the weight of and upon the surface of the earth, have been said to be the cause of earthquakes. But before any fracture takes place the earth's crust yields to the strain, much in the same way as an ordinary beam of wood bends under a great load and rises when the load is taken away. We approach the centre of the earth by an appreciable amount when the barometer is high, and when there is a low barometer we are an appreciably increased distance further off. This is fairly simple when once stated. Every influence which tends to produce a pressure on the earth does in fact produce an effect, though this may not be appreciable. It is fairly easy, too, to understand what must be the result of ocean tides upon the earth's rotation. The effect of fluid friction is to retard the earth's rotation: the day is thus becoming longer, so also is the month. It has been calculated that fifty-seven million years ago there was but one day in the month; since then the retardation has been sufficiently appreciable to be gauged.

One further finding of modern science which to the non-scientific must seem difficult to believe may be stated. Not only is the period in which the earth rotates changing, its very method of rotation is not regular.

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It wobbles—that is to say, the earth's pole is not stationary. It does not wander far indeed, or European climate would change rapidly. But it most certainly does change its position and describes a small circle every fourteen months. Even this is not perfectly regular, the wanderings from its mean position at one time being greater than at others, and here a curious fact may be mentioned. When these wanderings are greatest it has been found that large earthquakes are more frequent. Both earthquakes and these polar wanderings may be due to some common influence, or, perhaps, as has been suggested, the polar displacements may cause earthquakes to occur in instable districts.

It will be seen then that while the earth is more rigid than it was thought to be there are undoubtedly limits to its rigidity. It can be distorted under pressure, and Hecker's finding, that the earth underneath us moves up and down about eight inches daily, has perhaps not sounded the limit of its distortion. Nor is the earth perfectly stable, though one might be forgiven for thinking it. Hardly a moment passes but some portion of its surface is responding to a swell like that of an ocean tide. Hardly a week passes but the whole solid mass of the earth is set a-tremor for some hours. If these movements cannot be felt or appreciated by human sense, they can at least be measured by instruments, and this is one of the glories of modern research, which has laid bare so many secrets.

COALS OF FIRE ALL ROUND.**BEING ANOTHER OF LIFE'S LITTLE DUPPLICITIES.****I.**

Sir Dashwood Holmby, K.C.M.G., to Hugo Leigh, of the Treasury.

January 3.

Dear Old Man,—There is to be a dinner to Bankes on the 28th, at the Belvoir Hotel. I hope you can be there. He is a silly ass, of course, and personally I bar him a good deal, but one can't very well stay away without its looking like an intentional slight; and as a matter of fact I am getting the wretched thing up. You will come, won't you? It will be a good dinner anyway.

D. H.

P.S.—Dunsmore will make the speech of the evening.

II.

Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.

January 5.

My Dear Dash,—If you can guarantee the dinner I will come, but I don't much care for the Belvoir cooking. The flavor is abstracted somewhere *en route*, and they know nothing about the temperature of claret. As for old Bankes, I not only dislike him, but I distrust him, which is worse. He is a tuft-hunter and a minx. However, the Department must hold together, I suppose, and since he's leaving us we may as well be decent. I am glad you got Dunsmore. He is always fluent and amusing, and amiability and lying come easy to him.

*Yours,**H. L.***III.**

Sir Dashwood Holmby to Hugo Leigh.
(*Telegram.*)

January 26.

Lady Dunsmore suddenly ill, so Dunsmore absent to-night. Am in bed

—influenza. Count on you make a speech—absolutely no one else.

*Holmby.***IV.**

Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.
(*Telegram.*)

January 26.

Lowest trick on record, but rest easy in your malingering. I will do it. Some day you shall repay.

*Leigh.***V.**

Hilary Bankes, C.B., of the Treasury to his father, General Bankes, The Lin-dens, Great Malvern.

*(Extract.)**January 27.*

Lord Dunsmore was to have proposed my health but owing to the sudden illness of Lady Dunsmore (a very charming woman) he was prevented from attending at all. Another Treasury man, Hugo Leigh, whom you have no doubt heard of, an authority on netsukes and one of our best tennis players, took his place. I had always thought that Leigh disliked me, but one can make strange mistakes in that way. His remarks were charming. He touched on every side of my career, the literary as well as the administrative, and even quoted a stanza from my "Pearl Fishers."

VI.

Hilary Bankes to Sir Dashwood Holmby.

January 26.

My Dear Holmby,—I cannot go to bed after this, to me, most memorable night without thanking you for all you

have done, and expressing the sympathy that Mrs. Bankes and I have for you in your illness, and also saying how very felicitous and flattering were Leigh's remarks on my poor character and career. I had no notion that he felt so warmly towards me.

Again thanking you and wishing you a speedy recovery.

I am, very sincerely yours,
Hilary Bankes.

VII.

Hilary Bankes to Mr. Hugo Leigh.

January 27.

My Dear Leigh.—The kindness of your speech quite overcame me, and I fear I did not succeed in the least in conveying my real feelings to you last evening. Pray accept my deep gratitude. It will give Mrs. Bankes and myself great pleasure if you will dine with us on the 30th at eight o'clock. There will be only two or three picked guests besides yourself.

Yours very sincerely,
Hilary Bankes.

VIII.

Hugo Leigh to Hilary Bankes.

January 27.

Dear Bankes.—I am sorry to say that I am engaged on that evening. I am glad my remarks gave you pleasure.

Yours sincerely,
Hugo Leigh.

Punch.

IX.

Hilary Bankes to Hugo Leigh.

January 28.

My Dear Leigh.—Mrs. Bankes and I are extremely sorry that you are engaged on the 30th. She is so very anxious to meet you that I am emboldened to name two other dates, February the 5th and the 8th, on one of which we are hoping you will be free. On either night you will find some very nice people here, carefully chosen, to meet you.

Yours very sincerely,
Hilary Bankes.

X.

Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.

January 30.

My Dear Dash.—You have done for me for ever. After trying for years to lead a clean life and say what I mean, I am now a public liar, all through your trickery and machinations; and what is worse, I have Bankes as firmly fixed on my back as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. I am become his dearest friend. Every post brings me a letter inviting me to dinner, and—meanest trick of all—mentioning more than one date, so that I shall have to go at last. There will be a dedication to me in a few days for certain. All his grandchildren, if he has any, are to be named Hugo. Why, oh why, can't we tell the truth?

Your miserable enemy,
H. L.

P. S.—I hope you are worse.

THE LATTER-DAY PROPHET.

"No one reads Ruskin now," said one of the leaders of artistic circles the other day, and very likely she was right. If she had shared the misfortune of being born thirty years earlier she would have lain at Ruskin's feet thirty years ago in a loose blue cloak

and a shimmer of fluffy hair. But time has been kind in keeping her for a later day when she may find more beauty in a foggy mud-bank than in the Alps, and in a motor's steam than in all the stones of Italy. To be born late is an advantage that defies

attack, and every year's revelation begins by quietly obliterating the last.

It is magnificent, this procession of continually advancing splendor, always reaching forward with unsatisfied longing for change, always dropping behind it what once was thought so dear, strewing its path with a litter of outworn affections. To be sure, there is something a little pathetic about it too, at all events to the affections thus outworn. And in this case there seems a peculiar pathos that the leader of artistic circles should have uttered her easy condemnation just on the very day when, after many years of faithful and ungrudging labor, the final volumes of the great Library Edition of Ruskin's works were ready to appear. They appeared last Thursday, and the noblest memorial that devotion and self-sacrifice have ever raised to a Master is now complete.

Mr. George Allen, Ruskin's disciple, friend, and publisher, who designed this great and final edition, is no longer here to rejoice in its fulfilment. But the editors, Mr. E. T. Cook and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, can look back on having accomplished a work almost unequalled, we suppose, in the history of scholarship, whether we regard its difficulty, its labor, or its success.⁵ It is sometimes the way of genius to be greater than its work, and there was about Ruskin's personality a living soul whose influence went further than anything he wrote. But in these thirty-seven volumes is encased as in a shrine all that is tangible in the life-work of one of the strangest and most conspicuous men of genius that England has produced, and one of the most influential upon our national character, no matter how much the vogue of artistic circles may affect to disregard him now. Influence is an unconscious thing, and many who feel it most are not aware from whom it comes. But there are some left who upon the

course of years littered with fading reputations can still approach this shrine in gratitude alike to the builders and to the noble spirit whom it commemorates.

The last two volumes contain a selection from Ruskin's letters—a selection running to several hundred, perhaps to a thousand or two, for Ruskin was copious in letter-writing as in everything he did. We only wish that two more volumes had been added so as to include the answers. Then we should have had a picture of nearly all last century's leading thought and art. As it is, though letters do not make a biography, being often only the expression of passing moods and usually written to please or to discuss some casual interest, still we can follow in them the career and, to some extent, the mind of a man who touched last century's life at some of its most vital points and profoundly affected them. We are first taken back to the well-to-do middle-class family of days when Queen Victoria was playing with her dolls—a typical family except for the father's strain of something like genius in critical appreciation. We see them all gathered on a suburban hill—pious and evangelical, reading the Bible persistently from end to end, but not excluding other literature of the best kind, liking Pope, and even admitting Byron with hesitation. We see them setting out upon their holidays in the family coach, with a joyous sense of change and adventure such as no motor ever equals. Compared to the mother, as Ruskin confessed, he and his father always appeared rather profane and rebellious characters, and in one of her letters, written to her son when he was fifty, there is a touch which unconsciously reveals the nicety and pious trustfulness of her nature.

"I have had some experience of one of your large grasshoppers," she writes, "and have no desire to have anything

more to do with such acquaintance. I dislike the insect tribe altogether, except as they excite my deep reverence towards the Life sustaining them."

From such breeding, which people under forty can no longer understand without a difficult effort of imagination—from such decent and profoundly solemn breeding, as always in the eye of a loving though overwhelming Power, Ruskin acquired the reverential mind that can find no subject for scorn or jest in beliefs, though knowledge has outworn them. What he said of himself in politics was true of him in higher things than those: "Bred a Tory," he writes, "and gradually developed into an indescribable thing, certainly not a Tory." Or again, "I am a Conservative by instinct, loving old things because they are old, and hating new things merely because they are new." It is this reverential love for the beauty of the past, this pious consideration for things that our fathers have told us, which distinguishes him among the great reforming spirits of his age. It is true the age was deeply touched by the same reverential honor for ancient nobleness. We have but to think of Newman in religion, of Carlyle in literature, or of the Pre-Raphaelites in art, to see how profound that feeling was among the finest minds. But in Ruskin it reached a passionate yearning that surpassed all the others in regret and in the sorrowful indignation that embittered his existence. For on all sides, in religion, in common life, and in art, he saw the remains of ancient beauty crumbling away together with the beliefs that gave them birth. When the present writer met him once in Savoy, Ruskin was continually lamenting that the snow was no longer so pure and deep on Mont Blanc as in his youth. It may have been true or not, but the profound regret with

which he said it was caused by the disappearance of many other things more important for man's spirit than the snow upon Mont Blanc.

This reverential melancholy marked him early. Some years before he was thirty he wrote to his father from Pisa:—

I do believe that I shall live to see the ruin of everything good and great in the world, and have nothing left to hope for but the fires of the judgment to shrivel up the cursed idiocy of mankind.

But more effectual, though not less tormenting, than these haunting regrets for the beauty of vanished time was the spirit continually questioning why the present was thus growing in hideousness. That questioning spirit was part of the man's peculiar accuracy and depth of vision. There was nothing he did not see. Till he spoke, he appeared to be all eyes. Behind everything visible he saw something else again, and then something else, just as in opposite looking-glasses the reflections go to infinity. In the commonest things it was always the same. Going to one of his Oxford lectures, he saw a little girl wearing her mother's old boots. "Why does a little girl wear her mother's old boots?" he kept asking, and the question led him through all modern society to the limits of the universe. Or again, in walking among mountains, which he loved perhaps more passionately than any form of beauty, he would suddenly ask, "Why is ground at an angle of 40 anything better than ground at an angle of 30—or of 20—or of 10—or of nothing at all?" And so the questions would take him back and back by subtle analysis to the ultimate problems of life.

It was the same in literature; and that is why, in spite of his extraordinary admiration of "Aurora Leigh" in

these letters, he was one of the keenest and most enlightening critics of a great age in criticism. But, above all, it was upon the new social conditions of the time that this questioning spirit was turned. In a truthful analysis of his own nature which he sent to Henry Acland, when he was nearly forty, he writes:—

I am forced by precisely the same instinct to the consideration of political questions that urges me to examine the laws of architectural or mountain forms. I cannot help doing so; the questions suggest themselves to me, and I am compelled to work them out. I cannot rest till I have got them clear.

And it is in this sphere that his spirit of unresting question has had its widest influence. Perhaps we see the first definite beginning of that influence when he gave evidence in 1860 before a Parliamentary Committee on Public Institutions. He thus describes the scene:—

You would have been amused at seeing some of their faces as I got out, in repeated and clear answers, my hatred of Competition. At last, on my saying finally that all distress mainly came from adopting for a principle the struggle of man *with* man, instead of the help of "man by man," Sir Robert Peel burst out with: "Most extraordinary sentiments, I must say, Mr. Ruskin."

As before, it needs a strong effort of imagination to call up the age when all Ruskin's sentiments, on economics as on art, appeared most extraordinary to the leaders of thought and to all educated and commercial people. Such sentiments as that the workman is of more value than the work, and that art is worthless as long as life is

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hideous, have now become the common currency of thought, and few remember the startled indignation with which they first were greeted. Still, it is not so very long ago—not thirty years—since the commonest criticism on Ruskin was that he was perfectly right as long as he stuck to art and left economics alone, and it is strange to think how exactly that criticism has now been reversed.

Dr. John Browne once called Ruskin "a stray angel who has singed his wings a little and tumbled into our sphere. He has all the arrogance, insight, unreasonableness, and spiritual sheen of a celestial." It is a true description, for in all his life one is conscious of a violent and pathetic disharmony between himself and the world around him. He was conscious of it himself, and it was the cause of the melancholy that pervaded his highest joy and his tenderest humor. "This working in a way contrary to one's whole nature," he wrote to the Brownings, "tells upon one at last:—

For my own pleasure I should be collecting stones and mosses, drying and ticketing them—reading scientific books—walking all day long in summer—going to plays, and what not in winter—never writing nor saying a word—rejoicing tranquilly or intensely in pictures, in music, in pleasant faces, in kind friends.

His glory was that, surrounded by the evil of this present world he could not accept that angelic life. Singularly conscious of past beauty, he could not let the past blind him to the hideousness in which it had issued, nor could the passion of his indignation allow him to rest in those calm and exquisite havens where he would be.

THE CONQUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE.

The cable despatch from Lieutenant Shackleton to the *Daily Mail* of Wednesday is the fitting close of an extraordinary effort. The records of all previous Polar exploration have been beaten, and the English public has been enabled to follow the expedition in the detailed narrative of its chief in little more than two months from the day on which the furthest point was reached. It is only a year and three-quarters since the "Nimrod" left the East India Docks, so that; by the side of the long absences which have been the lot of those who have striven to reach the North Pole, Lieutenant Shackleton may count himself fortunate beyond all earlier explorers. He has not, indeed, discovered the South Pole, but he has reached a point only a hundred and eleven miles distant from it. Nor has this unexampled success been due to any striking advance in the means at his command. The "Nimrod" does not belong to the latest type of ships designed for Arctic exploration. She is forty years old, she was first built for a sealing vessel, her engines were reconstructed more than twenty years ago, and seven knots an hour was the pace which her commander was content to get out of her. In these days of gigantic ships, a vessel of only two hundred and twenty-seven tons, and measuring but a hundred and thirty-six feet by twenty-seven, seems barely fit for an Atlantic voyage. Her special fitness for the work she had to do lay in the thickness of her hull,—two feet of solid oak at the weakest point. In her earlier days she had often learned what the pressure of ice could mean, and the South Pole has few terrors for men who have served their apprenticeship in the Northern seas.

But the "Nimrod" was only the

point from which the explorers started. Their first journey began on March 5th, 1908. This was merely an Alpine climb, the object being to reach the virgin summit of Mount Erebus, thirteen thousand one hundred and twenty feet above the sea. They found that the top was a huge crater half-a-mile across and eight hundred feet deep, sending out volumes of steam and sulphurous gas to a height of two thousand feet. In this first venture one of the party lost a toe by amputation after frost-bite. The summer of last year was spent at Cape Royd in preparation for their final start, in making and recording scientific observations, and in marine dredging. The mildness of the weather is specially noted, their instruments recording only seventy-two degrees of frost. The "Southern" party made their final start on October 29th, just when we in England were entering on the long spell of almost summer weather that lasted till Christmas. A fortnight later they began reducing their daily rations. Their course lay at first over alternate ridges and valleys of snow, in the latter of which "the ponies often sank to their bellies." It was not for long, however, that the party were able to retain their ponies. One by one they gave out and had to be shot, and their flesh either stored in depôts for use on the return journey or carried with them, each member of the party having to haul a weight all told of two hundred and fifty pounds. By the beginning of December they had come within sight of new mountain ranges, and discovered a glacier a hundred and twenty miles long and approximately forty miles wide. For twelve days their road lay up this glacier, the surface being in places so crevassed that the whole of one day

was spent in traversing six hundred yards. By December 18th they had reached a height of six thousand eight hundred feet, and here they made a dépôt at which everything was left, except food, instruments, and camp equipment. At this point the daily ration was further reduced to twenty ounces per man. Still ascending, they reached on Boxing Day a height of ten thousand five hundred feet, and "finding the party weakening from the effects of the shortage of food, the rarefied air, and the cold," Lieutenant Shackleton "decided to risk making a dépôt on the plateau." They had now only one tent to carry, but even with this lessened load it was impossible to move for three days—January 7th, 8th, and 9th—owing to the violence of the blizzard. The wind was blowing seventy miles an hour, and even in their sleeping-bags the party were frequently frost-bitten: It was impossible in such conditions to advance any further, and on January 9th they hoisted the Union Jack on the most southerly point ever reached by man. It must have been a hard trial to turn back only just over a hundred miles from the Pole; but it is evident that had they tried to get further they would probably never have come back at all. Even as it was, the return journey entailed far greater suffering and risk. Lieutenant Shackleton has also the satisfaction of having ascertained with some approach to certainty what the South Pole is like. From the point which he reached no more mountain ranges were visible—he had already noted eight ranges with about a hundred mountains—and he feels sure that the geographical South Pole is situated on the same plateau—ten thousand to eleven thousand feet high—on which he planted his flag.

The blizzards, which had been their chief difficulty hitherto, helped them on the return journey. They were

rather less violent, and as they blew right at the back of the party it was possible at times to travel from twenty to twenty-nine miles a day. The great exception to this record was the descent of the glacier. The snow had been blown from the surface, and their way lay over sheets of slippery blue ice. On January 27th they reached the dépôt at the foot of the glacier. The last day's work was exceedingly trying. On the morning of the 26th their food was exhausted, and it was not till the afternoon of the 27th that they came to that which they had left at the lower glacier dépôt. We do not wonder that "it was slow going," or that "only sixteen miles were covered in a twenty-two hours' march." Food was now a great difficulty. The stores left at the next two depots seem to have been insufficient. At least we read on their arrival at the first that "food had again run out," and at the second the entry is "All our food finished." The sufferings of the expedition were greatly increased by dysentery. On February 4th the entire party was unable to move from this cause. Near the end of the journey one of them had a relapse, and as, while "suffering greatly," he had to make a forced march of twenty-four miles, it is not wonderful that on the next day he was "unable to march." Happily the "Nimrod" was now not very far off, and Lieutenant Shackleton, leaving the patient in the camp, started to bring a relief party. He returned on March 1st, and on March 4th they all reached the ship in safety.

This is the greatest achievement of this remarkable expedition, but it is not the only one. Indeed, in one way the success of the "Northern" party was more complete. They did not get so far south, but they reached the actual Magnetic Pole. They left Cape Royd a little earlier than the "Southern" party and rejoined the

"Nimrod" just a month sooner. Their work was even heavier than that of their comrades, for they were but three in number, and the total weight of the two sledges they had to haul was at starting six hundred pounds per man. The first part of their journey lay over consolidated pack-ice, and they did not finally turn inland till December 6th. During this time they had the advantage of being able to live on seals and penguins, thus saving their stores. The Magnetic Pole was reached on January 16th, after much very dangerous travelling over glaciers and crevasses. The return journey seems at first to have been easier, but on reaching the coast they found their retreat cut off by the break-up of the sheet-ice which they had crossed two months before. With their supplies exhausted, and only seals and penguins to depend on for food, "the outlook was serious." Happily this situation had been so far foreseen that the "Nimrod" was keeping a careful watch along the coast. On February 4th the dépôt was sighted on the ice-cleft, and a welcome gun fired. The signal was promptly heard, so promptly indeed that one of the res-

The Spectator.

cued party, "rushing out of the tent, fell twenty feet down a crevasse." But joy seldom kills, even when a crevasse is added to it, and he was pulled out again by the crew of the ship. The whole narrative, for which we are indebted to the enterprise of the *Daily Mail*, is a most striking record of human courage and human endurance. The benefit is not exhausted when the scientific results have been recorded and tabulated. It is to be seen in the proof it gives that we are not worse than our forefathers; that the blood of the Franklins, the Parrys, and the Rosses still flows in the veins of a later generation; and that men of various ranks and various callings are still found ready to encounter great risks and endure prolonged privation and suffering for no gain to themselves beyond the joy of mastering difficulties and proving that they too in their own fashion can "scorn delights and live laborious days." It will be an evil day for England if ever this disposition is lacking in her children. It is well to have in Lieutenant Shackleton and his gallant companions living evidences that no such danger is yet above the horizon.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The tariff question has its humorous aspects, and the present moment, when no one knows exactly what is to be the outcome of the struggle in Congress over the schedules may be as good a time as any to relieve the seriousness of the situation by a little diversion. Any one who is so inclined will find the clever allegory of protection "The Fate of Iciodorum," by President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University (Henry Holt & Co.), provocative of mirth. Written and first published twenty years or more ago,

some of its incidents, outlined with prophetic humor, have since come true in our national history in ways which the illustrative notes added to this edition make sufficiently clear.

Mr. S. D. Gordon has added to his volumes of "Quiet Talks" which have had a wide circulation among serious-minded readers, a volume of "Quiet Talks with World Winners" which has to do primarily with work in foreign mission fields, but touches also upon other forms of Christian life and activi-

ity. Direct, pungent, simple and earnest, it makes a strong appeal to the Christian consciousness, and its suggestions are illustrated with many apt incidents and anecdotes. Mr. Gordon has no time and probably no inclination for the subtleties of theology; it is religion, militant, self-sacrificing, world-conquering which he teaches, and he does it with a plainness which adapts his lessons to the wayfaring man. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

There are eleven stories in the volume to which Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips has given the title of the first, "Trolley Folly," and ten of them are feather light, absurd and extravagant, and written in a mixture of good English and the tongue of Mr. George Ade, shorn of the superfluous capitals. The first relates the deeds of an electric car driver who, having inherited \$5000, from an unknown uncle, so thoroughly carries out his views of the behavior becoming to a person of wealth as to hurl an approaching motor-car from his track, and to permit his own car to disappear from the face of the earth. The following ten stories are equally probable, and no more humorous or witty. Their fun lies in the vocabulary and an occasional confusion of terms. "The Little Canoe" which is related in Porto Rican English is somewhat superior to its fellows by virtue of the contrast between its supposed narrator's grave speech and absurd acts, but Mr. Phillips is not at his best as a humorist. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

To inspect a really good "bird book" is to forgive all those sham bird-lovers who annually make themselves conspicuous with a pair of cheap field-glasses and a manner of high abstraction. It is also to renew one's reverence for that fine company of quiet observers, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Torrey, Mrs. Miller, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Packard.

who without finding it necessary to bid their neighbor and their work farewell, have watched so assiduously and lovingly, and written so charmingly that all who follow the course of American literature have become bird-lovers of a sort, and are prepared to enjoy Dr. Frank H. Knowlton's formidable quarto, "Birds of the World" published in the Natural History Group of the "American Nature Series." Twenty of its twenty-six chapters, and more than 800 pages are occupied by descriptions of birds so grouped that reference to any species is easy for any reader acquainted with the English language. Some 260 illustrations in black and white and fourteen colored plates are added, and the book opens with a chapter defining the bird, and describing various matters concerning him; a chapter on "The Anatomy of Birds" by Mr. Frederic A. Lucas; and others on their geographical distribution, migration, and classification. This arrangement makes the volume equally useful to him who reads for science and him who reads for pleasure, and the systematized information and the gossip are separately presented but so indexed that either may at will be supplemented by the other. Lastly, this is the sort of book which should in every family library be set within the reach of children. The dullest and the most scatter-brained are equally attracted by pictures and stories of birds and will be more surely drawn to literature by their silent persuasion than by any other. Bewick and Audubon have made more authors than Shakespeare. The author is attached to the United States National Museum and the book is edited by Mr. Robert Ridgway, Curator of Birds in the same institution. Americans may well feel an honest pride in its excellence. Henry Holt & Co.

Carcassonne is not the same city to any two who dream of it, and probably the

number of fancied Cranfords is no smaller than the number of those who have read Mrs. Gaskell's description of the original place, and Mr. Arthur Gilman's "My Cranford" will fulfil no other man's ideal of the place. The English village is but the frame for a few persons with whom one is made intimately acquainted. Mr. Gilman carefully describes the physical aspect of a New Hampshire village, extracts choice bits from its history, and makes his readers feel its attraction, but when it comes to causing its people to manifest themselves clearly, he cannot bring himself to record his most penetrating observations. Not his is the remorseless, prying eye that bored down into Thrums; not his the philosophical vision that classified and ticketed the Middlemarch folk; not his even the searchlight of "A Golden Gossip" bringing out unexpected beauties; the instinctive reserve of the best sort of New Englander, guarding his neighbor's secrets as his own, forbids him to see anything not definitely and purposely presented to him, and his few personages are insubstantial, cloudy, shifting in outline and varying in movement, as mysterious as they try to make themselves. It is the author whom the book reveals most clearly, and as to the manner of spirit revealed it is enough to say that it is a real grief when one finds it described as cabin'd in a sickroom. In one respect, the book will be welcome to all sons and daughters of New Hampshire for it is an antidote to the acrid humor of that amusing and witty author who, some little time ago delighted resident immigrants, unable to force their way into the society of the natives, by describing the said natives as degenerate, and their villages as decaying abodes of wickedness. Mr. Gilman shows the rustic New Englander as he is in the few haunts remaining uninhabited by alienists; as he is in the stories

of Miss Jewett and Miss Brown, not as he is exhibited in the pages of Miss Wilkins, or as Mr. Hartt sets him up to be stoned with stones; and New England should be grateful to one who has done justice to New Hampshire. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

If the late Elinor Macartney Lane wrote but few novels, at least each one of those few fulfilled the artist's ideal of being the best possible to her at the moment. In "Mills of God" she effected that which Ruskin held to be the greatest achievement in fiction, for she made her imagined incidents seem part and parcel of the movement of the real world. In "Nancy Stair," she created a personage as real as any of Defoe's and in "Katrine" published almost immediately after her death, she has woven an excellent mystery, and so has shown still a third form of ability. Each book is carefully, delicately finished in detail, but in ease and grace the third is superior to both the others, perhaps because in writing it the author felt the pleasure of one who glorifies her own people. It must be owned that compared with the Irish heroine, Katrine, and her friend, Dermott McDermott, the American hero, Frank Ravenel, seems but a poor creature, and without any comparison, he is one who in his first estate, that of a Don Juan, belongs to a civilization older than that of the United States. Admitting the authenticity of his character, and the possibility of his reform by hard work and misfortune, one's sympathies should be with McDermott, but he is something more than splendidly mendacious; he is always, everywhere, in season and out of season, enormously mendacious, and at the very moment when the heart warms to his chivalry it is chilled by his falsehood. When he would aid the woman he loves he can do it only by untruthfulness, and nobody really believes him

when he tells his carefully prepared story. Nevertheless, with his good looks and gallant bearing, his varied ability, his generosity and his faithful devotion to those whom he loves he is a figure to remember long, and rank above Lever's Irishmen. Katrine herself, the singer whose heart is in her art, but who never forgets that the woman is more than the singer, the spirit than all physical and mental ability; the tender creature who can be steel when strength is necessary, rose-leaf when softness is required, who can see her duty and hold fast to it for years, she makes all other recent heroines of the stage seem unworthy and poor. She made a great man of her husband, says Mrs. Lane. Only incarnate impenetrability could resist her. Harper & Brothers.

Not long ago the English literary papers were much agitated by the decision of certain Philistine petty officials that the novels of Mrs. Gaskell were unsuitable for unrestricted circulation: "Mrs. Gaskell," they cried, and some of them almost shrieked in surprise: "Why, she wrote 'Cranford'! she wrote 'Mary Barton'! And 'North and South'! You are" — and they told Philistines that they were many unpleasant things, and the Philistines received the verdict silently, being both inarticulate and stubborn. Had they spoken they would probably have said, "But she also wrote 'Ruth'." If they had thus spoken, it is probable that their younger assailants would have been sorely puzzled, for, after the first flurry caused by its appearance, "Ruth" slowly retired into the shade of neglect, and to-day is read by few excepting young girls to whom their older schoolmates recommend it as "dreadful." Briefly put, the story tells of a girl who openly rears her illegitimate child, and rises triumphant to a social position superior to that of all detractors holding that "The Ten Command-

ments will not budge." Now, whether by way of experiment upon the American librarian, or by chance, Miss Alice Brown tells "*The Story of Thyrza*," in which a similar heroine has similar good fortune. *Thyrza* is no copy of *Ruth*, but a remarkably original little person, a creature utterly without imagination, but abounding in fancy and in the desire for all things fair and noble, not only for herself but for others. She is willing to give her strength, her time, her comfort, that others may be happy, but her vision utterly fails her when it comes to a question of means, and its charity is no greater where her own happiness is concerned. She makes her kindred absurd in their own eyes; she will not marry the man whom she loves and who loves her; without her volition, she makes her betrayer miserable; and but for the cleverness of her son's betrothed she herself would have destroyed the effect of her years of superb devotion to his education. Her type is rare, if not entirely new in fiction, and Miss Brown has studied it minutely and with extraordinary acuteness. "*The Story of Thyrza*" is not a book to recommend to a reader of narrow mind or even of narrow experience, and a stupid person is very sure to say that, like "*Ruth*," it gives sin a reward not to be expected by anything less than perfect virtue, but taken as it is intended, as a study of a soul blind and dumb until sorrow and self-sacrifice give it vision and speech, it is an excellent piece of work. The two specimens of the younger generation, and of the conflict between its ideals and methods and those by which it declines to be governed are excellent, each in its own way, and although the book is hardly likely to become so great a favorite as "*Rose MacLeod*" it will probably rank higher than any other of its author's earlier novels. Houghton Mifflin Co.

